CHRISTIAN REGISTER
AND BOSTON OBSERVER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1839. NO. 966.—VOL. XVIII.—NO. 14.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

CHRISTIAN UNION. NO. 3.

SECTARIANISM, A SYSTEM OF IMMORALITY.

In the preceding number I have shown, that sectarianism is, in its principles, a system of essential idolatry. In the present number I shall show, that it is, in its effects, a system of immorality. I shall then have established an essential preliminary principle, viz., that in our endeavor to promote an *evangelical* union among Christians, we must pursue a course in its principles and effects directly opposed to sectarianism.

That sectarianism, is a system of immorality I maintain, because it nourishes an anti-christian spirit—because it establishes an anti-christian standard of obedience; and because it arrays itself in opposition to the grand purpose of God in creating and in redeeming the human race.

1. Sectarianism nourishes an anti-christian spirit; the spirit of hatred—persecution and war; or, to say all in a single word, *the spirit of intolerance.*

'The fruits of that zeal which rejoices in the successful propagation of its own peculiar notions, are laid open to our inspection in the conduct of the pharisees. As operating in them, this party zeal directed not the attention to general principles, nor even permitted the application of them, but kept the attention fixed on those particular objects, which it was the glory of the sect to exalt and magnify. So that it secured converts to its peculiar doctrines, it cared not though the precepts of the law were rendered void; and those whom it could not convert, it reviled and persecuted. The pharisees, while they thus walked after the corrupt desires of their own hearts, and zealously contended for a strict observance of the rules and statutes prescribed by no higher authority than that of human wisdom, nevertheless pretended that they, *and they only* walked after the commandments of God.'

Such was the spirit of sectarianism, as manifested by the ancient Pharisees.

Such has it ever been, in the ages since, as manifested by Christians.

'When the deductions of human reason were mingled with, or substituted for, divine truths, these notions and inventions were propagated with a zeal no less forward than had been manifested in earlier times in the propagation of the unadulterated gospel of Christ; but it was a zeal of a different complexion; and to which all the selfish and malignant passions were subservient. If power were on the side of such sectarians, the opponents of their doctrine were branded with the name of heretics; their enemies were called the enemies of God; their adversaries the adversaries of truth; and those who denied the justice of their explanations, were termed infidels.

Nay—farther than this: It cannot be too impressively remarked, that it is only the dogmas invented by man, that have ever been employed in the cause of intolerance. If we examine the history of what have been erroneously denominated *religious wars*, we shall find, that it has, in every instance, been for doctrines and opinions fabricated by man; and with which all who embraced them could consequently connect the idea of self, that war has been let forth in all its fury, to chastise, and, if possible, to annihilate, those who dared to assert a difference of opinion. It is in the vain hope of eternizing and giving omnipotence to human inventions, that armies have been devoted to slaughter, and nations overwhelmed with ruin. It is in the malignant feelings excited by opposition to these impious pretensions, that all the horrors of persecution have originated, and all the positive commandments of the God of mercy have been outraged and despised. The voice of religion proclaims, "Glory to God on high, on earth peace! Good-will towards the children of men!"'

The selfish principle—the spirit of self-deification—the essential spirit of sectarianism, receiving no gratification from this acknowledged supremacy of the Creator, cries aloud, glory be to us! Peace to those who submit their minds and consciences to our guidance and direction. But wrath, hatred, and indignation, against those who dare approach their God, but in the way and manner, of which our superior judgment has approved. Intolerance, not only has no connexion with religion, but is utterly incompatible with its spirit. Sectarianism, therefore, as nourishing the spirit of intolerance, is a system radically immoral.

2. It is a system of immorality, in the second place, because it establishes an anti-Christian standard of obedience.

'The church being made, as is done by sectarianism, the medium through which the favor of the supreme Being can alone be propitiated; to be obedient to the church becomes all that is necessary for salvation: Hence obedience to the church is substituted for obedience to Christ.

Yes, the commands of sectarianism, and of Christ, are diametrically opposed to each other. For instance, Christ says, judge the tree by the fruit; sectarianism says, judge the tree *not by the fruit*, but by the blossoms. Christ says, judge him who keeps my commandments to be my friend, because it is out of the good treasure of his heart that he brings forth those good things of devotion and obedience to me. Sectarianism says, judge no man to be a true Christian, who refuses to bow down and salute the papal toe of my infallability.'

It is indeed so.

'Popery is not yet banished from the protestant church—How many in the present day, judge of the Christianity of their brethren, not by their profession of a belief in the divine origin of our religion, not by an adoption of the scriptures as the standard of faith and the rule of conduct, not by a life and conversation which become the gospel, but by their embracing the creed of this or the other human master in theology.'

This doctrine of substitution is full, as of impiety, so of immorality. It nourishes a species of scepticism, which deserves a more careful examination and a more solemn reprehension, than it has yet generally received. It is a scepticism as to the reality of the evidence furnished by the senses, in regard to the moral conduct of men, unless I should the rather say, that it is a most sinful denial of the true and obvious character of acknowledged facts, as presented in the habitual conduct of men. My meaning I will illustrate by an example.

Dr. John Milnor, a Catholic divine, makes the following assertions.

'The apostolical work of the conversion of nations, as it was committed by Christ to the Catholic church, so it has never been blessed in any hands but hers. This exclusive miracle in the order of grace, is itself a divine attestation in her behalf.'

That such an assertion should in the 19th century have been made by Dr. Milnor, a man well acquainted with the facts in the case, may naturally at first excite our surprise.

The conversion of the world, committed by Christ to the Catholic church! A miraculous success unceasingly granted to the efforts of this church! No success whatever granted to the missionary efforts of any other or of all other churches! A miraculous attestation thus given to the exclusive orthodoxy of catholicism! Popish arrogance—Popish impudence, we are prompted indignantly to exclaim—But hold:

'The tale applied
May make you blush for t'other side.'

Let us look at home—How is the case, in this respect, among Protestants? How is it in your own denomination? How is it in your own village? Have you near you no faithful representatives of the spirit of Dr. Milnor? Listen to the language of sectarianism, saluting your ear from every direction, God is with us exclusively—our faith, our ceremonies—our experiences—our observances of divine precepts—our joys—our hopes, are of God. Not so with yours; yours are not derived from the divine Being; yours have not the divine sanctions; yours do not promote the divine glory; yours deserve not, as do ours, to be termed *evangelical*. For God is with us exclusively.

Thus does sectarianism require its votaries to deny the evidence of their senses and to trample in the dust the standard of Christian morality. Thus does it bring into existence a species of scepticism, whose influence upon the cause of truth and holiness—of love and charity, is most immoral. Would to God, that some gifted mind would present to the view of the apostles of sectarianism, a startling exposition of this baptised infidelity.

3. I observe, once more, that sectarianism is a system of immorality, because it arrays itself in opposition to the grand purpose of God, in creating and in reclaiming the human race.

We have been formed with a view to indefinite progress. The voice of God to us, coming from the constitution of our being and from the charter of our immortal hopes—is '*onward* and *upward*, *now* and *ever*.' It is the purpose of our benignant Creator, in constituting us such beings as we actually are; in making us in his own intellectual and moral image, that we should be forever rising in the scale of excellence and glory. And this high and holy purpose is to be accomplished, by the ceaseless development of our faculties, and the ceaseless culture and exercise of our pious and benevolent affections. This original purpose of his rich and unmerited goodness, it is his special design to carry forward to a full accomplishment, through the gospel of his grace. Our heavenly Father is calling upon us in the gospel, to arouse ourselves from our sinful apathy, to rise above the objects and scenes of this material world—to enter the spiritual—the immortal—the infinite state—and to dwell there as in our own 'sweet home.' By the gospel he is calling upon us to accomplish manfully the high purposes of his creating love and redeeming grace. And the more free the movements of our minds, and the more active the operations of our affections in the ways of improvement and usefulness, of true happiness and true glory; the more acceptable is our course to the universal and ever blessed Father.

In meditating on these subjects, I realize in some measure the divinity of my origin—the vastness of my privileges, the depth of my obligations—the solemnity of my situation—the blessedness of my union with God—and the gloriousness of my immortal prospects.

While thus blessed, thus employed, I cannot but be moved with a holy indignation against that most heaven-daring of all tyrants, who attempts, with the apparatus of sectarianism, to manacle my freeborn thoughts, and to palsy my aspirings after the infinite—the spiritual—the perfect and the immortal.

It is here, that you behold the worst feature of sectarianism; its opposition to the creating and redeeming purposes of God. While God is commanding progress, and saying, grow in knowledge and in grace; sectarianism issues a contrary order; saying, hitherto shalt thou come but no farther. Let the boundaries of thy knowledge be prescribed by the creed; let thy practical course be regulated by the movements of the party. And the more complete the subjection of the whole man, to such spiritual dictation; the more illustrious the proof of the unhallowed genius of sectarianism—of a system of such various and awful immoralities, human language is inadequate for the full expression of my deep abhorrence. I can only say, in the words of holy writ, 'This wisdom is from beneath, and is earthly, sensual—devilish.'

I have expressed myself with plainness and earnestness against sectarianism, as a system of idolatry and immorality. To add some explanatory observations becomes a duty, which I owe to myself—to others—and to the cause of Christian union, which I am thus advocating.

Let it then be remembered, that my warfare is directed—not against persons, but principles; not against characters, but systems; not against names, but things. Those, who cherish the spirit and bring forth the fruits of sectarianism, although they should be vociferous against *written* creeds, and should style themselves *the only liberal*, would yet come in for a full share of any just censure of such a spirit contained in my remarks. While those, who manifest the Christian spirit in their daily walk and conversations, although they should be called by the circumstances of their conditions to uphold the outward forms of party, would yet not be obnoxious to the severity of my rebuke. At the same time, as the spirit of idolatrous apostacy which I oppose, has been peculiarly manifested for many long centuries under the form of written creeds with divine authority, it became necessary for me to make a special attack upon this complex system of impiety and immorality, as thus manifested, in attempting to promote the cause of Christian union. Let it be also remembered, that we rejoice to know, that there have been multitudes, who have been called to live under the blighting influence of 'man-made divinity,' who yet have been pre-eminent for their love of God's truth, and for their fidelity to his holy commands. With some remarks, relative to the condition and character of such, I close the present number.

'While the world was apparently overspread with darkness; while, through the predominance of the selfish principle, the truths which had been revealed from heaven, were veiled by mists that appeared impenetrable; light from heaven still continued to irradiate the breasts of the true disciples of Jesus. These, however strict their obedience to the church; however little disposed to question its authority, or to exert their judgement in canvassing its decrees, still preserved upon their minds a lively sense of the relation in which they stood to their Creator. In simplicity and godly sincerity they endeavored to obey the laws, and notwithstanding all the errors which corrupted the church in whose bosom they remained, evinced the purity of their faith, not only by their exalted piety and cheerful resignation, but by lives devoted to works of charity and mercy. In their writings, as in their lives, the spirit of the gospel was preserved; and to the writings of many of those true Catholics, who in their days, were 'as lights shining in a dark place' we still continue to be indebted for strains that aid the glow of devotion, and for views of moral perfection, which tend to energize the moral feelings and to improve the heart.

And, as it is only the knowledge of God communicated by divine revelation, that produces the correspondent affections of piety and benevolence, wherever these affections are evidently conspicuous, whether among Catholics or among the various sects of Protestants; we may safely infer—and it is our joyful duty to infer, that, in all such instances, however erroneous may have been the speculative opinions that have given their form and coloring to the mode of faith, the heart has not rested in these, but has risen to the contemplation of all-perfect righteousness. If such have obeyed the command of their divine Master, and given their hearts to God, they are of the blessed number with whom all true Christians hold communion at the throne of grace, where misjudging reason is compassionated, and faithfulness finds mercy and acceptance.'

In my next, I shall consider and obviate objections to the preceding course of argumentation.

N. W.

(From the Christian Watchman.)

POLICE REPORTS.

As life is attended with so many inevitable woes, it seems truly lamentable that those who might often assuage the sorrows of the unfortunate should be employed in wantonly adding to them. No one, however degraded by crime, is unworthy of the poor and cheap boon of pity. The accounts of trials in our Police Court, from the form in which they are prepared, are deserving of the reprehension of every candid and humane mind. This is a species of news which is greedily sought after, and the conductors of the papers in which these accounts appear are probably excited by this circumstance, to render their descriptions as amusing and acceptable as possible. We would fain hope that the writers and publishers of these records do not truly appreciate their course; otherwise we must conclude that it is no common inhumanity which can deride the miseries of the poor creatures who are daily brought before the Police Court, guilty though they may be.

Many of these offenders are not insensible of their disgrace, and are prepared to feel most keenly these unfeeling jeers of their delinquencies, and are no doubt sometimes discouraged by them in their resolutions and attempts to return to virtue; and most of them have wives, children, or friends, who, already deeply afflicted by their misconduct, are wounded afresh at these wanton and unfeeling caricatures which seem to form a principal attraction in some of the daily papers. In December last, led by a melancholy curiosity, we chanced to attend the police trials of a morning, and were more deeply impressed than ever with the cruelty of presenting such scenes as we there beheld as a subject for laughter to a thoughtless populace.

A young man of intelligent appearance was brought up, who, if we remember rightly was married, and was charged with abusing his wife while intoxicated. He was a mechanic, and a respectable witness bore testimony to his industry, to his inoffensive deportment, and to his kind treatment of his family at all times except when he had indulged himself in liquor. The man hung his head, and being now free from the stimulus which had urged him to crime, seemed truly afflicted at his folly. Another prisoner was a young married woman, originally from a town in New Hampshire, also charged with habitual intoxication. She seemed to possess a more than ordinary intelligence and spirit, and a girl ten or twelve years of age was standing by her side. This child attracting the notice of the Justice, he enquired who she was? 'She is my daughter, sir,' was the reply. What a scene was this to be impressed on the susceptible mind of a child! The mother was sentenced to the House of Correction,—a curse to her young family. These are only incidental specimens. Scenes far more painful are undoubtedly witnessed in that court.

In view of such facts, we were struck with the just sentiments of Dr Channing on this subject, that we had 'better go to the hospital and laugh over the wounds and writhings of the sick, or the ravings of the insane, than amuse ourselves with the brutal excesses and infernal passions, which not only expose the criminal to the crushing penalties of human laws, but incur the displeasure of Heaven, and, if not repented of, will be followed by the fearful retribution of the life to come.'

FAMILY RELIGION.

Religion is absolutely necessary to preserve domestic union. For families are but little societies, as societies are larger families; and, therefore, religion, which is confessedly the best bond and cement of union in states and larger communities, is likewise so in little domestic governments; and family prayer is as much a duty in this smaller sphere of action, as public worship is a national concern. It is, therefore, incumbent upon those who preside over a family, to impress a sense of religion upon those who are beneath them; but to do that effectually, they themselves must be first affected with a serious and hearty sense of it. Carry then their minds upwards from yourself, who are the head of a small family, to him, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is called. Consider that the joint prayers of a family are as necessary to derive a blessing upon, or avert a calamity from, a family, as public prayers are to deprecate the judgments, or conciliate the favor of the Deity to a nation. So may he who maketh man to be of one mind in a house, preserve you from all the miseries that must fall upon a family embroiled, and a house divided against itself! Thus, when you have tinctured their minds and your own with religion, you will find that the union of souls was but begun here; it will be perfected above, where love and charity never fail. And death, which dissolves the union of soul and body, cannot dissolve the inviolable union of virtuous hearts joined together in pure, unsullied friendship. Those who were lovely and loving in their lives, shall not be, even by their deaths, divided forever. Separated for a while, they shall meet again, where there shall be no second separation, where they shall continue to be of one heart and of one mind.—*Seed.*

[From the Christian Witness.]

THE BIBLE ILLUSTRATED FROM EGYPT.

There is scarcely a book of travels in eastern countries, even in this age most prolific of such works, which does not contain something to explain difficulties, or illustrate beauties in the word of God. Christian scholars would therefore do well, if they were to keep an eye always open to this source of light. Voyages and travels, and similar books descriptive of the people and the ways of strange lands, are among the most entertaining of all writings; and the excitement of mind which they produce is very different from the fever with which one hangs over a novel. It is therefore a good plan to lay such works very bountifully in the way of the young; and those students who are a little more advanced may with much profit extract all those passages which illustrate the sacred writings. We commonly say, 'Every little helps.' The poet says, 'Sands make the mountain, moments make the year.' And so, every fact or incident explanatory of God's holy word, is a drop towards the reservoir of information which is perpetually filling; into which even the streams of infidel research are made to run; and which day by day affords greater floods of evidence to attest the truth of revelation.

Let me direct the Bible-reader to Egypt; the most interesting country of our earth, even in profane history; and sublimely venerable in its stupendous monuments; but still more strange and wonderful in its connexion with the fortunes of God's Israel. And in order to have the exactest information, let us examine both travellers and monuments. The traveller upon whom I intend chiefly to rely is Mr. Edward William Lane, an English gentleman of learning and good sense, who has published one or two volumes of his observations. On two different visits, Mr. Lane resided six or seven years in Cairo, the great centre of Arabian Egypt; well remembered by every reader of the Arabian Night's Entertainments. He was perfectly acquainted with the language of the Arabs, and associated constantly with Musulmans. In order to gain access to them, he adopted even questionable means. For example, he went to their mosques and repeated their devotions; abstained from unclean meats, from wine, and from all European customs. But all this enabled him, while he passed for a Moslem, to gain a more thorough acquaintance with their ways than any European, except Burckhardt, has ever done, among those who have published their discoveries. The reader who is desirous to be admitted to the very inside of Mohammedan rites and superstitions, must be directed to the highly interesting volumes of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge entitled 'An Account of the Manners and Customs of the modern Egyptians, written in Egypt during the years 1833, 34 and 35, partly from notes made during a former visit to that country in the years, 1825, 26, 27 and 28; By Edward William Lane. In 3 volumes.—W. Jackson, N. Y.'

With these prefatory remarks, I will go on to glean a little from the book; and let no one despise the seeming smallness of the results, for nothing is trifling that helps us to understand or to believe even a single text of the best of books. In my scattered hints I shall not seek any regularity of statement.

Straw used in making bricks.—To common readers it seems strange that the Israelites in Egypt should have used straw in brick-making. Exod. v. 6, 10, 11, 12, 13, 16, 18; 'Let them go and gather straw for themselves.' 'Thus saith Pharaoh, I will not give you straw: go get ye straw where ye can find it: yet nought of your work shall be diminished. So the people were scattered abroad throughout all the land of Egypt to gather stubble instead of straw.' What did they want with the straw? There is reason, from various sources to believe that they used the ashes in making the brick. The monuments of Egypt show that some of the most trifling customs of Egypt have been handed down by tradition more than three thousand years. It is therefore not improbable that the modern Egytians make brick much as did the ancients. And Mr. Lane tells us how the modern ones go to work. He says of the houses in Cairo, 'The bricks are burnt, and of a dull red color. The mortar is generally composed of mud, in the proportion of one half with a fourth part of lime, and the remaining part of the ashes of straw and rubbish.' (Vol. i. p. 8.) It is likely that the straw was in former days mixed into the composition of the bricks.

Ceiled Houses.—The prophet Jeremiah in giving the judgment again Jehoiakim, represents the proud luxurious king as saying, I will build me a wide house and large chambers,' upon which 'it is ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermillion,' (Jer. xxii. 14.) And again the prophet Haggai, reproving the people for neglecting to build the house of the Lord, asks, 'Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house to lie waste?' (Hag. i. 4.) Attend to these expressions, and then read what Mr. Lane says of the Arabian building in Cairo. 'The ceiling over the leewan [or raised part of the floor] is of wood, with carved beams, generally about a foot apart, partially painted, and sometimes gilt. But that part of the ceiling which is over the doorcka'ah, [or paved depression of the floor,] in a handsome house, is usually more richly decorated: here, instead of beams, numerous thin strips of wood are nailed upon the planks, forming patterns curiously complicated, yet perfectly regular.' Here a cut is given of some of the patterns. 'There are many patterns of a similar kind; and the colors generally occupy similar places with regard to each other; but in some houses these ceilings are not painted.' (Vol. i. p. 21, 22.)

Cutting of the Beard.—A certain king of the Ammonites, Hanun by name, offered a gross insult to messengers whom David sent to condole with him on the demise of his father Nahash: for, treating them as spies, he took them 'and shaved off the one half of their beards,' besides cutting their clothes short, and other indignities. The poor men were greatly ashamed, so that David let them stay at an intermediate place, until their beards should grow out. (2 Sam. x. 5.) To understand this, we must observe that the Arabs and almost all Semitic people, consider the beard as the glory of a man's face. To be beardless is as unmanly as to be dressed like a woman. 'The respect,' says Mr. Lane, 'which Orientals in general pay to the beard, has often been remarked. They swear by it, and say that a man disgraces it by an evil action. The punishment recorded in 2 Sam. x. 4. has been frequently practised in modern times, but not so often as the shaving of the whole beard.'—(Vol. i. p. 39.)

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

The January number of the Edinburgh Review contains an interesting article on Luther, and the Reformation. We have selected the following passages from it, which, though taken from their relations in the piece are sufficiently intelligible by themselves. The reflections suggested while reading it, we shall defer to another time.

'Nothing on this earth,' said the good dame Ursula Schweickard, with whom Luther boarded when at Eisenach, 'is of such inestimable value as a woman's love.' This maxim recommended more, perhaps, by truth than originality dwelt long on the mind and on the tongue of the Reformer. To have dismissed this or any other text without a commentary would have been abhorrent from his temper; and in one of his letters to Catherine he thus insists on a kindred doctrine, the converse of the first. 'The greatest favor of God is to have a good and pious husband, to whom you can entrust your all, your person, and even your life; whose children and yours are the same. Catherine, you have a pious husband who loves you. You are an empress; thank God for it.' His conjugal meditations were often in a gayer mood; as, for example, 'If I were going to make love again, I would carve an obedient woman out of marble, in despair of finding one in any other way.' 'During the first year of our marriage she would sit by my side while I was at my book, and, not having anything else to say, would ask me whether in Prussia the Margrave and the house steward were not always brothers. Did you say your Pater, Catherine, before you began that sermon? If you had, I think you would have been forbidden to preach.' He addresses her sometimes as my Lord Catherine, or Catherine the Queen, the Empress, the Doctoress; or as Catherine the rich and noble Lady of Zeilsdorf, where they had a cottage and a few roods of ground. But as age advanced, these playful sallies were abandoned for the following graver and more affectionate style. 'To the gracious Lady Catherine Luther, my dear wife, who vexes herself overmuch, grace and peace in the Lord! Dear Catherine, you should read St. John, and what is said in the Catechism of the confidence to be reposed in God. Indeed you torment yourself as though he were not Almighty, and could not produce new Doctors Martin by the score, if the old doctor should drown himself in the Saal.' 'There is one who watches over me more effectually than thou canst, or than all the angels. He sits at the right hand of the Father Almighty. Therefore be calm.'

There were six children of this marriage; and it is at once touching and amusing to see with what adroitness Luther contrived to gratify at once his tenderness as a father, and his taste as a theologian. When the brightening eye of one of the urchins round his table confessed the allurements of a downy peach, it was 'the image of a soul rejoicing in hope.' Over an infant pressed to his bosom, thus moralized the severe but affectionate reformer; That babe and every thing else which belongs to us is hated by the Pope, by Duke George, by their adherents, and by all the devils. Yet, dear little fellow, he troubles himself not a whit for all these powerful enemies, he gayly sucks the breast, looks round him with a loud laugh, and lets them storm as they like.' There were darker seasons, when even theology and polemics gave way to the more powerful voice of nature; nor, indeed, has the deepest wisdom any thing to add to his lamentation over the bier of his daughter Magdalene. 'Such is the power of natural affection, that I cannot endure this without tears and groans, or rather an utter deadness of heart. At the bottom of my soul are engraved her looks, her words, her gestures, as I gazed at her in her life-time and on her death-bed. My dutiful, my gentle daughter! Even the death of Christ (and what are all deaths compared to his?) cannot tear me from this thought as it should. She was playful, and lovely and full of love.'

Whatever others may think of these nursery tales, we have certain reasons of our own for suspecting that there is not, on either side of the Tweed, a *papa* who will not read the following letter, sent by Luther to his eldest boy during the Diet of Augsburg, with more interest than any of all the five 'Confessions' presented to the Emperor on that memorable occasion.

'Grace and peace be with thee, my dear little boy! I rejoice to find that you are attentive to your lessons and your prayers. Persevere, my child, and when I come home I will bring you some pretty fairing. I know of a beautiful garden, full of children in golden dresses, who run about under the trees, eating apples, pears, cherries, nuts and plums. They jump and sing and are full of glee, and they have pretty little horses with golden bridles and silver saddles. As I went by this garden I asked the owner of it who those children were, and he told me that they were the good children, who loved to say their prayers, and to learn their lessons, and who fear God. Then I said to him, dear sir, I have a boy little John Luther; may not he come to this garden, to eat these beautiful apples and pears, and to play with the other children? And the man said, If he is very good, if he says his prayers, and learns his lessons cheerfully, he may come, and he may bring with him little Philip and little James. Here they will find fifes and drums and other nice instruments to play upon, and they shall dance and shoot with little crossbows. Then the man showed me in the midst of the garden a beautiful meadow to dance in. But all this happened in the morning before the children had dined; so I could not stay till the beginning of the dance, but I said to the man, I will go and write to my dear little John, and teach him to be good, to say his prayers, and learn his lessons, that he may come to this garden. But he has an Aunt Magdalene, whom he loves very much,—may he bring her with him? The man said, Yes, tell him that they may come together. Be good, therefore, dear child, and tell Philip and James the same, that you may all come and play in this beautiful garden. I commit you to the care of God. Give my love to your Aunt Magdalene, and kiss her for me. From your Papa who loves you,—Martin Luther.'

If it is not a sufficient apology for the quotation of this fatherly epistle to say, that it is the talk of Martin Luther, a weightier defence may be drawn from the remark that it illustrates one of his most serious opinions. The views commonly received amongst Christians of the nature of the happiness reserved in another state of being, for the obedient and faithful in this life, he regarded, if not as erroneous, yet as resting on no sufficient foundation, and as ill adapted to 'allure to brighter worlds.' He thought that the enjoyments of Heaven had been refined away to such a point of evanescent spirituality as to deprive them of their necessary attraction; and the allegory invented for the delight of little John, was but the adaptation to the thoughts of a child of a doctrine which he was accustomed to inculcate on others, under imagery more elevated than that of drums, crossbows, and golden bridles.

There is but one step from the nursery to the servant's hall; and they who have borne with the parental counsels to little John, may endure the following letter respecting an aged namesake of his, who was about to quit Luther's family:—

'We must dismiss old John with honor. We know that he has always served us faithfully and zealously, and as became a Christian servant. What have we not given to vagabonds and thankless students who have made a bad use of our money? So we will not be niggardly to so worthy a servant, on whom our money will be bestowed in a manner pleasing to God. You need not remind me that we are not rich. I would gladly give him ten florins if I had them, but do not let it be less than five. He is not able to do much for himself. Pray help him in any other way you can. Think how this money can be raised. There is a silver cup that might be pawned. Sure I am that God will not desert us. Adieu.'

Luther's pleasures were as simple as his domestic affections were pure. He wrote metrical versions of the Psalms, well described by Mr Hallam, as holding a middle place between the doggerel of Sternhold and Hopkins, and the meretricious ornaments of the later versifiers of the Songs of David. He wedded to them music of his own, to which the most obtuse ear cannot listen without emotion. The greatest of the sons of Germany was, in this respect, a true child of that vocal land; for such was his enthusiasm for the art that he assigned to it a place second only to that of theology itself. He was also an ardent lover of painting, and yielded to Albert Durer the homage which he denied to Cajetan and Erasmus. His are amongst the earliest works embellished by the aid of the engraver. With the birds of his native country he had established a strict intimacy, watching, smiling, and thus moralising over their habits. 'That little fellow,' he said of a bird going to roost, 'has chosen his shelter, and quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God to think for him.'

Few really great men, indeed, have hazarded a larger number of jokes in the midst of a circle of note-taking associates.

It must be confessed, however, that Luther's pleasantries are less remarkable for wit or delicacy than for the union of strong sense and honest merriment. They were the careless, though not inconsiderate sport of a free-spoken man, in a circle where religion and modesty, protected by an inbred reverence, did not seek the doubtful defence of conventional outworks. But pensive thoughts were the more habitual food of his overburdened mind. Neither social enjoyments, nor the tenderness of domestic life, could ever long repel the melancholly which brooded over him. It breaks out in every part of his correspondence, and tinges all his recorded conversation. 'Because,' he says, 'my manner is sometimes gay and joyous, many think that I am always treading on roses. God knows what is in my heart. There is nothing in this life which gives me pleasure: I am tired of it. May the Lord come quickly and take me hence. Let him come to his final

judgment—I await the blow. Let him hurl his thunders, that I may be at rest. Forty years more life! I would not purchase Paradise at such a price.' Yet, with this lassitude of the world, his contemplations of death were solemn, even to sadness. 'How gloriously,' said his friend, Dr Jonas, 'does St. Paul speak of his own death. I cannot enter into this.' 'It appears to me,' replied Luther, 'that when meditating on that subject, even St. Paul himself could not have felt all the energy which possessed him when he wrote. I preach, write, and talk about dying, with a greater firmness than I really possess, or than others ascribe to me.' In common with all men of this temperament, he was profuse in extolling the opposite disposition. 'The birds,' he says, 'must fly over our heads, but why allow them to roost in our hair?' 'Gaiety and a light heart, in all virtue and decorum are the best medicine for the young, or rather for all. I who have passed my life in dejection and gloomy thoughts, now catch at enjoyment, come from what quarter it may, and even seek for it. Criminal pleasure, indeed, comes from Satan, but that which we find in the society of the good and pious men is approved by God. Ride, hunt with your friends, amuse yourselves in their company. Solitude and melancholy are poison. They are deadly in all, but above all, to the young.'

Here is a more comprehensive denunciation of the futility of the attempts made to arrest his course.

'To the language of the Fathers, of men, of angels, and of devils, I oppose neither antiquity nor numbers, but the single word of the Eternal Majesty, even that gospel which they are themselves compelled to acknowledge. Here is my hold, my stand, my resting-place, my glory, and my triumph. Hence I assault Popes, Thomists, Henrycists, Sophists, and all the gates of hell. I little heed the words of men, whatever may have been their sanctity, nor am I anxious about tradition or doubtful customs. The Word of God is above all. If the Divine Majesty be on my side, what care I for the rest, though a thousand Augustines, and a thousand Cyprians, and a thousand such churches as those of Henry, should rise against me? God can neither err nor deceive. Augustine, Cyprian, and all the saints, can err, and have erred.'

'At Leipsic, at Augsburg, and at Worms, my spirit was as free as a flower of the field.'

'He whom God moves to speak, expresses himself openly and freely, careless whether he is alone, or has others on his side. So spake Jeremiah, and I may boast of having done the same. God has not for the last thousand years bestowed on any bishop such great gifts as on me, and it is right that I should extol his gifts. Truly, I am indignant with myself that I do not heartily rejoice and give thanks. Now and then I raise a faint hymn of thanksgiving, and feebly praise Him. Well! live or die, *Domini sumus*. You may take the word either in the genitive or the nominative case. Therefore, Sir Doctor, be firm.'

However fierce and indefensible may be his occasional style, history presents no more sublime picture than that of the humble monk triumphing over such adversaries, in the invincible power of a faith before which the present and the visible disappeared, to make way for the things unseen, eternal, and remote. One brave spirit encountered and subdued a hostile world. An intellect of no gigantic proportions, seconded by learning of no marvellous compass, and gifted with no rare or exquisite abilities, but invincible in decision and constancy of purpose, advanced to the accomplishment of one great design, with a continually increasing *momentum*, before which all feebler minds retired, and all opposition was dissipated.

Much as the real contrast has been exaggerated by the most subtile disputant of modern times, it would be futile to deny, or to extenuate the glaring inconsistencies of the reformers with each other, and with themselves. Protestantism may well endure an avowal which leaves her foundations unimpaired. Bossuet has disproved the existence of a miracle which no one alleges. He has incontrovertibly established that the laws of nature were not suspended in favor of Luther and his associates. He has shown, with inimitable address and eloquence, that, within the precincts of moral science, human reason must toil in vain for demonstrative certainties; and that, in such studies, they who would adopt the same general results, and co-operate for one common end, must be content to rest very far short of an absolute identity of opinion. But there is a deep and impassable gulf between these premises and the inference deduced from them. The stupendous miracle of a traditional unanimity for fifteen hundred years amongst the members of the Christian Church, at once unattested by any authentic evidence, and refuted by irresistible proofs, is opposed as much to the whole economy of the moral government of the world, as it is to human experience. It was, indeed, easy to silence dissent by terror; to disguise real differences beneath conventional symbols; to divert the attention of the incurious by a gorgeous pageantry; and to disarm the inquisitive at one time by golden preferments, and at another by specious compromises; and it was easy to allege this timid, or blind, or selfish acquiescence in spiritual despotism, as a general consent to the authority, as a spontaneous adoption of the tenets of the dominant priesthood. But so soon as men really began to think, it was impossible that they should think alike. When suffrages were demanded, and not acclamations, there was at once an end of unanimity. With mental freedom came doubt, and debate, and sharp dissension. The indispensable conditions of human improvement were now to be fulfilled. It was discovered that religious knowledge, like all other knowledge, and religious agreement, like all other agreement, were blessings which, like all other blessings, must be purchased at a price. Luther dispelled the illusion that man's noblest science may be attained, his first interests secured, and his most sacred duties discharged, except in the strenuous exercise of the best faculties of his nature. He was early taught that they who submit themselves to this divine ordinance are cut off from the intellectual repose which rewards a prostrate submission to human authority; that they must conduct the search of truth through many a bitter disappointment, and many a humiliating retraction, and many a weary strife; and that they must brace their nerves and strain their mental powers to the task, with sleepless diligence,—attended and sustained the while by singleness of purpose, by candor, by hope, by humility, and by devotion. When this severe lesson had been learned, the reformers boldly, nay, passionately, avowed their mutual differences. The imperfect vision, and unsteady gait, of eyes long excluded from the light, and limbs debared from exercise, drew on them the taunts and contumelies of those whose bondage they had dared to reject. But the sarcasm even of Erasmus, the eloquence even of Bossuet, were hurled at them in vain. Centuries rolled on their appointed course of controversy, of prejudice, persecution, and of long-suffering. Nor was that sharp conflict endured to no good end. Gradually the religion of the gospel resumed much of the benignant and catholic spirit of the primitive ages. The rights of conscience and the principles of toleration, were acknowledged. Some vehement disputes were consigned to well-merited neglect. The Church of Rome herself silently adopted much of the spirit, whilst anathematising the tenets, of the reformers; and if the dominion of peace and charity be still imperfect and precarious, yet there is a brighter prospect of their universal empire than has ever before dawned on the nations of Christendom.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

'In the Edingburgh Review, No. 136, M. Compte's course of Positive Philosophy is reviewed, as appears, by Sir David Brewster. In answer to some atheistical speculations, with which M. Compte foolishly and irrelevantly interlarded his lectures, the reviewer allows that our solar system of globes and satellites may have been originally formed out of the sun's atmosphere as it revolved around its great centre, but he pertinently and conclusively reasons as follows:

"After all these admissions, the argument for design remains unshaken, and the mind still turns itself to the first great cause. Who created and planted a sun in the centre of what was to become a system of future worlds? Who supplied the due portion of heat to expand his atmosphere through that region of space in which it was to deposit the future abodes of life and intelligence? Who added the rotary impulse, and adjusted it to that precise velocity which would throw off planets revolving in harmonious stability, in place of comets wheeling in eccentric and unstable orbits? By what power was that heat withdrawn, so as to permit the zones of the solar atmosphere to contract successively into solid planets? Who separated the 'light from the darkness' which brooded over the revolving chaos? Who gathered into the ocean's bed its liquid elements? Who decked the earth with its rich and verdant embroidery? Who conjured up the forms of animal life? And above all, who placed over this fair empire—MAN—godlike and intellectual—breathing the divine spirit, and panting with immortal aspirations?"

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, APRIL 6, 1839.

Our Annual Fast day, in most cases we fear falsely so called, has come and gone. It is a venerable, we were about to say a good day,—but many, for whose judgment we entertain much respect, doubt, or more than doubt, whether it be an occasion productive of good. It has come down to us, however, from revered ancestors. It is one link in the fractured chain that connects us with the 'holy dead.' And we believe it continues to transmit much grace, pure, tender and elevating influence to many serious minds and feeling hearts among us. It is associated with the piety and fortitude, the patience and faith, the trials and triumphs, of those to whom we look in the ever-receding past with mingled pride, gratitude and veneration. We are not therefore prepared to give it up. We will not doubt it leaves many of our people better than it found them, and we hope none worse. Perhaps we as a people stand in peculiar need of a day of humiliation. It is said we are a nation of boasters. We boast (this is the charge) of our country—its soil and resources, its rich valleys and lofty mountains—of our government, power and institutions—of our freedom, morality and intelligence. Whether the charge be just or undeserved, it is not important to determine. It is however proper in reference to an occasion like the one remarked upon, to bring to mind those circumstances and obvious tendencies which ought to induce sobriety and humility.

1. There is much striking, sad evidence that we are forgetting the truth that righteousness exalts a nation, and that righteousness alone can exalt a nation. This is a great truth—one that all history illustrates, demonstrates and enforces. It is proclaimed by the ruins of a thousand great communities, once happy and prosperous. What made and exalted Greece? Righteousness—moral energy in her people, patriotism, justice, self-denial, disinterestedness. What filled France with violence, stained her fair fields with blood, and then laid her helpless at the feet of a despot? The want of moral energy and worth. What has exalted England? Not her foreign conquests, her victorious generals and fleets. Let righteous power fail in the hearts of her people, these could not avail her for a day. Her confessors, martyrs, moral heroes, her philosophers and divines, the fountains and dispensers of spiritual life and progress, have exalted her.

Wealth cannot exalt a people—numbers cannot—extent of territory cannot—internal improvement, commerce, successful wars, cannot—talents and genius in public men cannot. It is virtue, moral purity and energy alone that can do it.

Are we not forgetting this truth? Many among us appear to place their hopes on the prevalence of certain abstract principles and theories, on the success of particular men and parties and measures.

We look out for individuals to manage our public affairs, to mould and control our destinies, who are distinguished for talents more than for character. Nothing could be worse, more unwise. Whatever injures the virtue of our people, injures us most essentially, strikes a blow at the root of our prosperity. And when we sustain corrupt men in office, however great their abilities, we sin against our dearest interests. Eloquence that could pierce the dull, cold ear of death, learning the most profound, talents the most commanding, cannot atone for the want of character. Our fathers' blood cries out against the impiety. The coming generations, as they rise up in the dim future, protest against the wrong. What! will we put more confidence in man's devices and cunning schemes and abilities, than in virtue, in integrity, in truth, in God? We would rather see in our halls of legislation, in our senates, in the chief magistracy, honest men with little ability, than great men, as they are called, with no honesty.

What does history teach, on this subject? What has undone nations? Who have led them to the brink of destruction, and then pushed them over? Good men with little capacity, with feeble intellects? Never. But men of uncommon powers, without principle; intellectual might, in the service of the baser passions.

How Christians, the followers of him who died to drive sin from the world, can assist to place corrupt men in conspicuous places, to set them up in one great picture gallery, for their children to admire and draw poison from—how Christians can do this and stand self-approved, it is not easy to understand.

May God's grace never so far forsake us that we shall think more of supporting our party than His cause, the cause of truth and justice—that to effect political objects we will consent to aid in sapping the foundations of our social fabric. Let us advance good men,—of our party, whichever it may be, if we can find them—if not, let us take them where we can find them. When we go to the polls, let not our first question be, concerning the candidate, is he of our party? will he advocate our favorite ideas and plans? But, does he belong to the party of the true and just? will he prove faithful to conscience, loyal to God? He is a patriot, who, by his influence, example and efforts, improves the morals and increases the virtue of the people. Every father that fits his sons efficiently to discharge the duties of a citizens, is a patriot. Every mother that sends into society duty-loving daughters, is a patriot. Every daughter that makes her home holier, is a patriot. Every sister that exerts a restraining, soothing influence over the reckless, impetuous passions of an erring brother, is a patriot. Every man, however poor and obscure he may be, who sets a pure example and maintains an upright character, is a patriot. But he is not a patriot, however high his place, gifted his mind, eloquent his lips, however finely he may discourse in presence of the nation of freedom and glory, if his habits are licentious and his character vicious.

In close connexion with the preceding we remark, we ought to be touched with regret and humiliation, in view of the fact, that we have not been and are not consistent with the great principle at the foundation of our social system. We do not think, feel, act, in relation to many things, as it becomes Americans. We have proclaimed to the world, and sealed the proclamation with much precious blood, that all men are naturally free and equal. We have thrown ourselves on the rights and simple dignity of humanity. Our national existence sprung from the highest, and noblest source, had its birth in the loftiest sentiments, in the divinest conceptions, the rights, worth, dignity, sacredness of humanity. This is the great doctrine of our creed. To be a man, we have said, is more than to be a noble, or a monarch. Riches, genius, circumstances confer no peculiar rights, dignity, importance. For this cause, we repudiate all ideas and institutions that obscure the simple greatness of humanity.

This is our position before the world. Have we been faithful to it? are we now? He is faithful to it, with whom worth makes the man—not wealth, not prosperity—who labors as for the chief thing to make himself and those about him, his children, friends, and the community, as pure, as wise, as good as possible.

If our people felt the force of this truth, they would give all their energies and means to education, moral, intellectual, religious education, to the developement of the spiritual power of every man, woman, and child—they would value external prosperity only as a means of promoting moral prosperity; material riches, only as the means of enriching the souls of our people, they would honor a man of good, high character, more than a successful merchant, a victorious general, the eloquent declaimer, or the winning politician.

But is it so? are not the old ideas about rank, and standing, rife among us? are not rivally and competition for social advantages as ardent here as any where? Is not wealth, as a distinction coveted by all? are we not worshippers of success, and prosperity, material good and greatness?

Are we not striving to run the vulgar race of national glory? the race of ambition, of avarice, military power and prowess? Are the sentiments that prevail among us, of what is becoming, excellent, noble, and great, elevating and glorious, much better and truer than those that prevailed in Rome 2,000 years ago, before Christ died, or Paul preached? When we are asked for our jewels, to what do we direct attention? to the good character, morality, and piety of our people, or to our victories, commerce, and physical resources?

The worldly, carnal spirit is strong among us. It is kindled in the bosoms of our children, and burns there through life. We thirst to rival the old nations, in opulence and arts, in splendid institutions, in grandeur and power. When we think of their victories and monuments, poets, philosophers and artists, and look on the roll of their illustrious dead, we feel perhaps a little envy.

But our destiny is infinitely higher, if we understood it—that of developing and manifesting man's higher nature, affections and principles. It is to present to the world a nation of men, enlightened and upright, liberally cultured and free from narrow prejudices, clad in simple dignity, worthy sons of God; of men who can show the littleness of the great men of courts and patents and titles. Our victories should be over error, our conquests falsehood, our warfare against all imposture, our position in conflict with the deceptions and frauds and prejudices which have so long deluded and enslaved our race. It is for us to tear down the strong holds of sin and superstition, to dethrone spiritual wickedness in high places, to drive from God's heritage those traditions and maxims, principles and passions which have stained it so long with blood, and filled it with meanness and misery. It is for us to lead captivity captive, to proclaim civil salvation to the nations, to demolish the gates of hell, to extirpate the brood of tyranny, to throw ourselves into the moral Thermopylæ of the world and drive back the hosts of evil. This was our destiny. A higher one never dawned on a people. And if we had been true to it, firm, unwavering, if we had carried out the ideas of our fathers, every falsehood and prejudice, tyranny and superstition, unrighteous sceptre and throne, ere this would have trembled and fallen.

Yes—our light would have lightened the world ere this, our moral power would have been felt in every palace, in every darkened home, in every heart panting to be free. We should have been like a city out of heaven. We have not done the work given us to do. We have come short in our duty, and are striving to run the old vulgar race of fashion, pride, luxury, prowess, grandeur.

If we had been faithful, our empire, time's latest, would indeed have been the noblest—an empire of common sense, truth, reason, right, and humanity.

But with the graves of a thousand nations in sight, we are rushing on the rocks that destroyed them.

Again, party spirit and associations are in danger of eating out the chief advantage of our form of government. What is the great advantage of free institutions, republican government? There are several secondary, pecuniary, social—but what is the one, we should most value as Christians? We answer, its influence on character. It affords most opportunities, aids and excitements for the developement, expansion, edification of immortal souls. It opens a field for the exercise and exertion of all man's sentiments and energies in the freest manner and the highest degree compatible with the existence of society, for spiritual growth and progress. This is the great thing—the end of our creation, of providence, the universe. All things are ours—designed and fitted to quicken, unfold and ripen our moral nature. And that government is best—most accordant with the divine will, which assists most in effecting this great object. The chief evil of despotism is, that it prevents the developement of man's energies, suppresses their free activity, and thus blights his spiritual growth. It prevents him from following his inward convictions, impulses and judgments, and thus lays a killing hand on the soul.

A person must act from the inward promptings, or his acting—his works will not conduce to his spiritual progress. If he acts from habit and fashion, from external control and authority, or from the dictation of parties and associations, his acting may be very correct, very fine, very beneficent, but it will not improve him. This is St Paul's teaching. Though, says he, I give all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity—do it not from the promptings of benevolent feelings,—it profiteth me nothing.

The great advantage of our form of government is, that it gives to every man a wide field for acting out, whatever there is good in him—freedom to act in accordance with his own views and feelings. It is his own fault if his conduct does not flow from a spiritual fountain, and so increase his spiritual resources—if it be not the fruit of his moral being and condition and therefore improve and elevate his moral being and condition—if his deeds be not full of soul and so enrich his soul.

Are we in no danger of losing this most precious freedom by party organization, associations, leaders, dictators? He is not a free man who does not think for himself and act in accordance with his thoughts. It will certainly be a very sad matter and passing strange, if a more puny race of men should grow up here, than are to be found in any other civilized community—passive instruments in the machinery of parties. There is some reason to fear. Men think, feel, act too much in masses—souls are robbed of their energy, beauty and dignity. We lament deeply when we see, or think we see persons resigning this most precious privilege of individuality—this freedom for which Christ died, and martyrs have suffered and patriots toiled in all ages. Unceasing vigilance is the price we must pay for mental and moral freedom.

Another danger is, that our people will forget the absolute necessity of religion to the preservation of our free institutions. Freedom is not the absence of government, but the substitution of a higher order of government. Men, to live in society, must be restrained in some way, either by force and fear, prisons and armies, the authority of nobles and kings, or by moral influence, the force of truth, the authority of principle, right and justice, the being and presence of a holy God and the apprehension of a judgment to come.

A people morally feeble cannot be free. The want of inward force, must be supplied by outward force—the want of conscience and principle, by pains and penalties—the absence of self-control, by fears and restraints—the lack of piety by an earthly sceptre and throne. There is no other alternative. Whatever weakens the moral influence acting on a people, increases the need of strengthening the government. If men cannot govern themselves, their propensities, passions, appetites, by conscience, right and God—they must be kept under by those placed above them. We are shocked at the absurdity, when we hear of infidels and atheists, calling themselves the friends of freedom. Let their notions prevail and freedom is impossible. Every man that lessens the authority of religion among us, by his example, practices, language, by scoffing at its ministers, ordinances, truths, promises, threatenings, revelations, is the enemy of freedom. He is doing all he can to prepare the way for the introduction of despotism.

These are some of the alarming tendencies, which have suggested themselves to our minds. They should excite humility, caution, vigilance, effort. Let every one do what he can; and every one can do something—parents can do much for their children to prepare them for the dangers and temptations that await them. The old can do much for the young, and the young to prepare themselves for the arduous duties of citizenship.

But whatever causes of alarm we see or think we see, let us not despond, never despair of the republic. There is too much of this; too many talk doubtfully, fearfully. They are ever prophecying disaster and failure. It is wrong. Let us trust in the good sense and higher instincts of men, in spreading intelligence and correct ideas, in the progressive destinies of our race, in the overshadowing, guiding, controlling wisdom, goodness, power of God.

We will not, need not, cannot believe, that a nation, whose foundations were laid by so pure hands, for which so many saints in heaven have toiled, so many patriots thought and planned, so many pious spirits have prayed in agony, on which so many and so precious hopes are resting, is destined to failure.

No, by the confidence inspired, while contemplating the glorious company of pilgrims, whose ashes are among us, the wisdom and profound sagacity of our Franklins, and Marshals, the heroic men that have given themselves for us, the meek piety of our Edwards, Whites, Worcesters, the divine greatness of our Washingtons, and all the blood shed on the earth in the cause of freedom and human rights, we will not believe that failure and disaster await us. It is impiety, ingratitude, infidelity, of the worst kind to think so. Let us be faithful, and our progress, our career, our destiny, will be as certain, as happy, as glorious, as we can ask or even think.

BENEVOLENT FRATERNITY OF CHURCHES

We attended the anniversary of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches on Thursday evening of last week. It was a most interesting meeting; the services were opened with prayer by Mr. Robbins. Afterward an excellent report was read by the Secretary, Mr. Rogers. It was very satisfactory, showing that the association has met with much success, and is increasing in usefulness and efficiency. Its ministers are every where welcome—their labors are blessed and abundant. They are gradually extending their operations, and carrying comfort, peace, and improvement, into the dark and desolate places of the city. Appropriate and impressive addresses were then made by G. S. Hillard Esq, Rev. Dr Channing, Hon. Richard Fletcher, Rev. Mr Peabody of Portsmouth, Rev. Mr Lothrop, and Rev. Mr Gannett. We wish our readers could have the benefit of the remarks made, and the thoughts suggested, by each of these gentlemen—this, however, is a labor we shall not attempt, and most certainly should fail in, if we did.—Christ and Christianity, in connexion with the unfortunate and poor, are a fruitful theme for meditation. Does he not now, as he did while on earth, heal the sick? Who are those seen entering the abodes, and watching by the beds of pain and disease? Are they not the followers of Jesus? He now feeds the hungry, clothes the naked. It is the beneficent power of his spirit and example, that rears our Hospitals and endows our Asylums. Jesus is emphatically the Saviour of the poor—he is their only, and their allsufficient hope. If their burdens are ever removed, it is he that must do it. It is he alone, that can elevate them into consideration and respect. In the light of time, there is a vast difference between the different portions of society, the poor and the rich; the ignorant and enlightened. But in the light of eternity, of a common, immortal destiny, these differences and distinctions vanish. They appear but as little specks floating in an ocean of light, dark streaks on a bright smiling, boundless heaven; like bubbles thrown on the surface of a restless stream, that is bearing us all into the presence of our Judge. To a mind enlarged by these grand conceptions, poverty and riches, hovels and palaces, shackles and sceptres, appear, if not absolutely of none, certainly of no great importance. When contemplating men, it sees only beings endowed with a portion of eternity, who shall live after the stars have burnt out and the sun has grown old and died.

We wish that all sects may engage in this holy enterprise of elevating and reforming the lost and depressed and degraded. As suggested by one of the speakers, we think it will prove a most effectual means of showing the worthlessness and inefficacy of some doctrines, deemed by many of great importance. What can Calvinism, election, total depravity, the trinity as taught by many good men, effect in the abodes of wretchedness and sin? About as much we should suppose, as the same number of propositions in geometry.

The culture and refinement, induced by quickening and elevating the moral sentiments and affections, are probably the only culture and refinement that can be extended in any high degree, to large portions of people. The thorough cultivation of the taste, the imagination, and the intellectual faculties, demanding a long, arduous, costly, and complicated process, can not be obtained by multitudes in every community—nor is it necessary, or desirable. Moral culture and refinement are sufficient, the best, the highest. They lead to truth, wisdom, dignity, God. He that loveth, dwelleth in God and God in him. Is not this then the purest, and loftiest condition of our natures? Everlasting life resides not in the intellect, but the heart—there too is the kingdom of heaven. It will probably yet be discovered and soon, that in order to make men what they can be, and were created to be, good, happy and great, the chief attention must be directed to the heart. We know little as yet of true Christian, spiritual civilization; that which prevails among us has come down from times, before Christ was born. It is almost exclusively mental, Grecian civilization.

It is among the poor and degraded, we must look for the most decisive triumphs of Christianity, and the clearest proofs of its divine power to restore, regenerate, and save. In case of those who have received all the benefits of education, we cannot expect striking, visible results. The effects of Christianity on them must be unseen and uncertain. But when she goes down to the dark places of sin and wretchedness, raises up the fallen, redeems the depraved, casts out demons, and puts right mind into the morally insane—it is then the blind and sceptical, must see and reverence in her the wisdom of God, and the power of God unto salvation.

In conclusion we will only say, we look on the interest felt in the spiritual wants and elevation of the poor, the unfortunate and the suffering, as an evidence and promise of a farther and deeper developement, of the spirit and energy of Christ, and his religion.

The following communication, will, probably, be read with considerable interest. It may be the English Church, and some other protestant sects, have reason to fear the assaults of Catholics. There is so much in the spirit and principles common to both, there may be some danger, they will meet together and 'kiss each other.' Their pretensions and systems, are based on the same kind of ideas and *sentiments*, and they, therefore, present to each other many points of sympathy and attraction. The papist finds much among the protestant heretics, he must respect, and on which he can rear not very unreasonable hopes. If we could be persuaded to give up the precious mental freedom wherewith Christ has made us free, we strongly suspect, we should not stop till we got to Rome, did reverence to his holiness, and sat down quietly under the shadow of his old throne. There is much probability that every plant will grow to seed, and streams will flow on till they reach the ocean. It is very easy to show the weakness and absurdity of many of the details, traditions and ceremonies of Catholicism; but we have frequently thought, that some of our good friends must feel somewhat inefficient while attempting to assail its foundations, its essential ideas.

We have no fear, however, that any numbers of our people will be led away. It is morally impossible. All the tendencies and influences of our times, country, government and convictions, are directly opposed to a re-baptism in these dead waters. Least of all do we fear that Unitarians can be converted into papists. It would indeed be a new creation. We should as soon expect to see the plants of the tropics blooming around the north pole. We consider the inculcation of our principles, the duty of private judgement, of obeying reason, conscience, God—and not man, nor traditions, nor councils—of responsibility alone to the head of the Church, as the only ones that can fearlessly, unobstructedly and successfully, meet and beat down the claims and pretensions of Catholicism. We wish our brethren would think of these things. If they fear—the fear probably springs from a latent consciousness of the weakness and defects of their own systems. If protestants had been true to their own principles they would not now, at this late day, be under the necessity of contending against the encroachments of popery.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

The attention of Protestant Christians in Europe seems to be particularly directed, at the present time, to the recent manifestations of the spirit of the *Jesuits*, which has revived within a few years, is as active, though less publickly, as it was two centuries ago: and to the demonstrations among the Jews, of movments, and views, indicating uncommon religious inquiry, and a dispositon to return to the land of their remote progenitors.

The subject, first intimated, excites great interest, and no little anxiety, among the members of the church of England. Formerly, and for two centuries past, the English episcopal hierarchy was more disposed to tolerate, if not to unite with Cathoics than with dissenters. And it was evident to all intelligent observers, that there were far more points of agreement

between the forms and ceremonies and clerical grades of the established church of England and of the Romish religion, than between the former and the dissenters of all descriptions.

The prelates and the lay members of the English established church were more ready, generally, to apologise for the Roman Catholics, than for such as have become more reformed. The latter have been censured as levellers and disorganizers, and schismatics, while much respect and deference have been shown to the *ancient* church, and for its venerable forms and ceremonies. The last London Quarterly, conducted, as is well known, by *high* churchmen, has sounded the alarm in England, with intent it shall be heard through Protestant Europe, in consequence of recent movements and measures and declarations among the Roman prelates. It is asserted, that for more than twenty years, the intolerant spirit of papacy has been engaged in preparing the priests of that connexion for united action, in opposition to all Protestants, and for making converts to and increasing the power of the Romish church; that the order of the Jesuits has been revived, and favored by the Pope and the college of Cardinals; and have been honored and employed in spreading catholicism according to their ancient opinions and views. Several Romish bishops and archbishops in Protestant Prussia have been detected in fomenting opposition to the laws of that country, which are favorable to the Protestant interest; and charged with teaching the odious and dangerous doctrine, that no faith is to be kept with heretics--and that the commands and will of the Pope are of superior obligation to those of the true monarch or ruler of the country where they may be. The king allows of the marriage of Catholics and Protestants, but forbids the Romish priest to require, as the Pope has ordered, that the children should be all educated in the Catholic faith. The archbishop of Cologne has commanded the priest to obey the Pope, and not the king; and to require an oath, before marriage, that the children shall be so educated. But we cannot enter into details. It is enough to state, that the London Quarterly is apprehensive of more formidable action against the Protestant church and cause from the Roman Catholics, than has been known since the time of James II. We might ask what are the signs, in this respect, in the United States? If Protestant watchmen in this country have not cause for vigilant observation, we acknowledge, that *vain* fears have sometimes disturbed our imagination. Roman Catholic opinions are the same they were three and five centuries ago: and the principles of the Jesuits are dangerous to every existing kingdom or government in Christendom, which does not acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, both in temporals and in spirituals. Dissenters of every character must rejoice to learn that intelligent men in the English church are awake on this great subject.

The other subject referred to, does not indeed, excite alarm, and may serve to enkindle faith and hope. The Jews are said to be more ready than formerly to converse with Christians, in many parts of Europe; to express doubts as to whether the *Messiah* has not appeared, and they knew him not; to read the gospels; and that many have set their faces to remove to the holy land, and there remain, seeking the favor of Jehovah the God of their fathers, and to wait for further communications from above. A spirit of religious enquiry has become greatly manifested among them, within a few years; their minds are opening to the light; and if Christians will treat them with more candor, and kindness it may serve gradually to remove the veil from their hearts, and one stumbling-block which has long laid in their way.

There are supposed to be nearly two millions of Jews in Europe: and they find more kindness from Protestants at present, than from Catholics. Societies have been formed by Protestants, for the religious benefit and the conversion of that people to whom blindness has happened in part. Many of them listen and read, and show the unsettled state of their minds. They are evidently more anxious, than formerly, to know why the Messiah does not come; or whether indeed, he has not already appeared. A large number of well-educated Jews have embraced the Christian faith, and admitted that Jesus was the Messiah, within twenty or thirty years. The spirit of inquiry is not confined to those of any particular part of the world. In Asia, as well as in Europe, they now discover more anxiety, than at any past era, to examine into the Christian Scriptures, and to learn the evidences in favor of Jesus of Nazareth as the *anointed* one of God. Their long dispersion leads them to reflect more closely on their condition. They believe in the promises of Moses and the prophets—that they are to be restored to Judea, and that they are to be blest and prospered under the reign of the Messiah. Is he then yet to appear, or, are they to be converted to his holy religion, and to live under its mild sway, in the land of their fathers?

These are no ordinary indications of great changes in the Christian world. And they justly challenge the attention and consideration of the intelligent believer in Jesus Christ. The evidences of Christianity, as a supernatural religion, are numerous, and abundantly satisfactory to the careful examiner of them. But many still remain in doubt and skepticism. The fulfillment of prophecies is probably to be the means of removing such doubts. The history and condition of the Jews for seventeen centuries afford proofs of the truth of the predictions recorded in the ancient Hebrew and Christian books. They must also arrest the attention and excite the more careful inquiry of the philosopher.

The gross and corrupting errors of the popish system cannot long continue to prevail, in this age of inquiry, of light and of reason. And the efforts now made to restore that religion, on the ruins of Protestantism, are utterly vain and hopeless, in the view of every impartial observer of the present times. That system was upheld by ignorance. Knowledge and learning are fatal to it—and these are spreading and increasing; and the darkness has fled before them; and plans of darkness, which will not bear the light, can never be accomplished. 'Deus quos perdere vult, prius dementat.' If under the favor and by the encouragement of Protestants, the Jews are enabled or induced to settle in the holy land, and led to embrace the gospel, it will be for the glory of each; for the triumph both of Protestantism and Christianity.

B.

Rev. DAVID LAMSON has asked and obtained a dismission from the Pastoral care of the First Congregational Church and Society in Berlin.

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

The Unitarian Congregational Society in Medfield being about to erect a new Church on the site of the old one, are left temporarily without a place of worship. The Baptist Society in that place have generously offered to them the use of their Church on the Sabbath at the hours not interfering with their own regular services. Such acts of courtesy deserve to be noticed as marking the advance of Christian liberality. A similar favor was lately bestowed by the Unitarian Society at East Cambridge on the Baptists, while rebuilding their church.

Rev. Mr Robinson, we understand, will be installed at Medfield as soon as the Church is completed.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE, &c.

The Scriptures at Odessa.—We propose to give, as opportunity occurs, a condensed view of the missionary efforts of Christians of different sects, throughout the world.

In South Russia and Moldavia there are about 100,000 German settlers, mostly Protestants. We understand, by late accounts, that an unusual religious interest has been awakened among them. Mr Schaufler, a German missionary at Odessa, has received a quantity of German bibles from the American Bible Society, all of which have been distributed at Odessa and the adjacent region. The prospect now is, we are told that many thousand bibles will be wanted for that region, and an application for them will be made both to the American and the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Want of the Bible in Persia.—A missionary in Persia (Dr Grant) states that among the sect of Christians called Nestorians in that country, there has been found but one bible in a population of twenty thousand souls.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH CASE AT PHILADELPHIA.

It will be seen from the following article that the new school has obtained a verdict in its favor.

The Charge of the Court and the Verdict of the Jury.—Before the opening of the Court this morning the U. S. District Court room was packed, I should say, as full as it could be, but that a few more did actually find ingress after the arrival of the Judge. Many who sought, however, could not press themselves into the dense mass. All who had been in Court during any part of the progress of the trial seemed anxious to catch the words from his Honor—which were regarded as to be the *decisive audit* of the great questions at issue in this case.

The charge was a distinct and lucid statement of the law on the points which his Honor considered applicable to the case—and occupied about one hour and a quarter in the delivery. During this period, the mass of intelligent countenances which filled the room, marked by deep and varying emotions, as the several points were distinctly presented in the clear and decisive tones of the Judge, was an object for a painter's pencil,—not for my pen, to describe.

The first apparent breathing, or sensible change of the position of an auditor in the house, was at the moment when, having succinctly stated the great points in the history of the Presbyterian Church from 1753 to 1837, including its plans of correspondence with 'cognate bodies,' and particularly the 'plan of union' of 1801, and having intimated, though uncourteous to do so, it was within the power of the Assembly to abrogate that plan, the Judge announced in strong and emphatic tones, that the excluding acts of the Assembly of 1837, were utterly unconstitutional and void.

In the subsequent progress of the charge, the Judge stated distinctly the points set up by the Relators in relation to the organization of 1838—and those alleged on the other hand by the Defendants, and the particulars in which they contradicted each other, wherein he told the Jury that they must find the facts—that if they believed that the Moderator and Clerks of the Assembly for 1837—acting in the incipient steps for the organization of the Assembly of 1838—were acting in pursuance of plan, concert and conspiracy—to carry out the acts of 1837, and thereby affect the organization of an unlawful Assembly, by the rejection of members who had a constitutional right to participate, and that on the other hand, those who were called the new school party in this case, effected the organization which met afterwards in the First Church, were acting openly in resistance of these unconstitutional measures, designing not to secede from the Church, but to organize the Assembly of that Church on its true and constitutional basis, affording all commissioners present an opportunity to understand their object, and to participate in their votes if they had chosen to do so, and that the essential questions put to the house were reversed to allow an opportunity for negatives—then that body which elected these Relators, Trustees, &c. were the General Assembly, and their verdict would be for the Relators, otherwise for the Defendants.

The Jury were absent about an hour, when they returned with a Unanimous Verdict for the Relators. —*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

At a meeting for prayer and consultation of a number of ministers, elders and members of the old school party, held at the Education rooms in Philadelphia, on the 26th inst. after the announcement of the verdict, the following resolutions were adopted.

1. Resolved, That in the judgment of this meeting, the course of legal proceedings thus far had, (although a verdict has been obtained against us) suggests nothing which ought in the slightest degree to modify the oft repeated and fully determined purposes of our Churches, Presbyteries, and General Assembly, to maintain the doctrines and order of our Church inviolate.

2. Resolved, That in the judgment of this meeting a full and able delegation to the next General Assembly is a matter of great and vital importance, as questions may be submitted to the consideration of our Supreme Judicatory, which may involve the highest and dearest interests of the Church.

3. Resolved, That we cheerfully commit the Presbyterian Church, with all her interests, to her Great and Adorable Head, in confidence, that he will bring her out of all her trials, purified, and prepared increasingly to glorify his Great Name.

The N. Y. Observer says—that the votes on the resolutions was unanimous; and that the number of persons present at the meeting was only 28.

OBITUARY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MRS MARTHA HEYWOOD AND MISS MARIA ALICIA HEYWOOD.

Died in Westford, February 3, Mrs Martha Heywood, wife of Mr Levi Heywood, aged 50. and Feb. 9th, Maria Alicia Heywood, daughter of Mrs H. aged 14.

By the death of Mrs H. an important vacancy is felt by her family, and by all her social and Christian connexions. And it is thought that some notice of her character, and of the circumstances of her death, would be acceptable to her friends and acquaintance, and useful to others, as an example, worthy of remembrance and imitation.

In her family, she was affectionate, kind, and attentive; cheerful, judicious, and exemplary; indeed all that her husband, children, and friends could expect or desire. It has often been remarked, that, by the influence and example of the parents, and by the reciprocal affection and kindness, interest and duties of parents and children, this was a peculiarly *united and happy family*. By the favor of a kind Providence, for more than twenty years, they had been blessed with almost uninterrupted health, until the commencement of the illness of this mother and daughter, whose loss is deeply felt, and who closed life so near together in all the calmness of Christian consolation, peace, and hope. Of the domestic and social virtues of Mrs H. it is sufficient to say, that they drew and strongly attached to her, a large circle of relatives and friends, who knew well how to estimate them, and justly appreciate her worth, in the various situations, and extensive sphere of active and important duties, in which she sustained the relations of a wife and mother, daughter and sister; Christian, neighbor, and friend.

But her example as a *Christian*, claims our principal attention. The religion of Jesus was with her a subject of deep solicitude; of abiding and practical interest. She loved its exercises and duties. And she was so happy as to have her husband interested and associated with her in those exercises and duties. In this great and important interest for themselves and their children, they 'were of one heart and one soul.' United in their affectionate care and anxiety for the moral and spiritual welfare of their children (a numerous, young, and rising family) they were serious and constant, and their children with them (as far as was consistent with other duties) in their attendance upon the services of the sanctuary. No trifling circumstances, no ordinary excuses, could prevent them from giving their presence and influence to the encouragement of religion and support of its institutions, in the observance of its ordinances and worship.

It must be said of Mrs H. that her most intimate, Christian associations were those of the Unitarian faith; or more properly of that faith, which, in its spirit and practical effects, is appropriately termed Liberal. To these associations, she was firmly and strongly attached. No inducement or persuasion, could deter her from encouraging and sustaining them with the whole weight of her influence and example. It was the desire of her heart, her spirit and life, as far as was practicable, to know no distinction of sect or name; to encourage union among all Christians, and especially among those who are connected as members of the same family, by the strong and tender ties of nature and affection. She had no sympathy with the peculiar views or exclusive claims of a particular faith or church, which, by its terms of admission and invitation to a participation of the holy supper, could exclude from its privileges and communion, *any*, who should give visible evidence, by an avowal of their belief in Jesus as the Son of God, and by their life and conversation, that they were sincere disciples of the Savior.

The character of her religion, was serious, humble, and unpretending; expansive and charitable, and at the same time, firm, decided, experimental, practical. Her life was a practical and happy illustration of the truth of Jesus, when he spoke of those, whom he regarded as members of his family, his nearest relatives and friends; when 'he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples and said, behold my mother and my brethren; for whosoever shall *do the will of my Father which is in heaven*, the same is my brother and sister and mother.'

We approach towards the close of that life, which was devoted to God, to religion, to her friends. The *centre* of her affections, and of her constant, benign, and cheering influence, was her *own family*. But much as she loved her family, she loved her God and Savior more. Many and strong were the ties which bound her to earth; but she was ready to give up *all* in submission to the will of Heaven. By the occurrence of a sudden and unexpected change in her situation a few weeks before her death, she affectionately took leave of her family, commending them with a blessing to God, and expecting that the time of her departure was near. From this time, in the full exercise of her reason, and without extreme suffering, she conversed freely with her friends, giving direction and advice respecting every thing, of which she wished them to be mindful, and exhibiting even to the last, the clearest and happiest anticipations of the rest and felicity of heaven.

Not many days before her death, in speaking of her daughter, who was rapidly declining, she observed, that she had been a pleasant child, that there might be a momentary separation, but they should soon meet again. The daughter soon followed. And it may justly be said of her, that, from her early childhood, she was remarkable for seriousness and candor, for her calm and equable temper, her sense of propriety, her innocent and amiable manners. At home and abroad, in the district school and the Sunday school, and indeed in every situation, she was uniformly the same, exemplifying a maturity of understanding, and faultlessness of disposition and character, rarely to be seen in one of her age. A judicious friend once said of her, 'she always appeared to love what is good.' Her father wishing to know her views and feelings in regard to her situation, said to her the morning she died, Maria, are you conscious that you love God? She replied, 'I ought to love him, and I hope I do.' At times she suffered much; death was a welcome messenger. The thought of his near approach, was relief and comfort. Amiable in life and death, she has left an example for her young companions as well as others, to think of, to remember, and closely to imitate.

Calm and quiet was the descent of this mother and daughter to the land of silence, 'the land of darkness and the shadow of death.' They were pleasant in their lives, and in their death were not long separated. Their end was peace. Their memory is blessed. Their earthly home was a happy one; but they have gone to a *better and happier, the home of the blessed.*

INTELLIGENCE.

Important from Maine.—The Boston Daily Advertiser of the 28th ult says,—'by the Eastern mail of last evening, we have received the following, which we copy from the Augusta Tri-weekly Journal. It puts an end for the present to all hostile measures on the frontier, and sets at rest all questions of controversy, until further instructions shall be received from the British Government. The troops of Maine will of course immediately return to their homes. Maj. Gen. Scott seems to have acted in this affair in the capacity of mediator.'

Head Quarters, Eastern Division, U. S. Army, Augusta, Me., March 21, 1839.

The undersigned, a Major General in the Army of the United States being specially charged with maintaining the peace and safety of their entire Northern and Eastern frontiers, having cause to apprehend a collision of arms between the proximate forces of New Brunswick and the State of Maine on the Disputed Territory which is claimed by both, has the honor, in the sincere desire of the United States to preserve the relations of peace and amity with Great Britain—relations which might be much endangered by such untoward collision—to invite from His Excellency Major General Sir John Harvey, Lieutenant Governor, &c. &c.—a general declaration to this effect.

That it is not the intention of the Lieutenant Governor of Her Britannic Majesty's Province of New Brunswick, under the expected renewal of negotiations between the Cabinets of London and Washington on the subject of the said disputed territory, without renewed instructions to that effect from his Government, to seek to take Military possession of that territory, or to seek by Military force to expel therefrom the armed Civil posse, or the troops of Maine.

Should the undersigned have the honor to be favored with such declaration or assurance to be by him communicated to his Excellency the Governor of the State of Maine, the undersigned does not in the least doubt that he would be immediately and fully authorized by the Governor of Maine to communicate to His Excellency, the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick a corresponding pacific declaration to this effect:—

That in the hope of a speedy and satisfactory settlement, by negotiation between the Governments of the United States and Great Britain, of the principal or boundary question between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick, it is not the intention of the Governor of Maine, without renewed instructions from the Legislature of the State, to attempt to disturb by arms the said Province, in the possession of the Madawaska settlements, or to attempt to interrupt the usual communications between that Province and Her Majesty's Upper Provinces; and that he is willing in the mean time, to leave the question of possession and jurisdiction as they at present stand;—that is, Great Britain, holding, in fact, possession of a part of said territory, and the Government of Maine denying her right to such possession; and the State of Maine holding in fact, possession of another portion of the same territory, to which her right is denied by Great Britain.

With this understanding the Governor of Maine will, without unnecessary delay, withdraw the Military force of the State from the said disputed territory—leaving only, under a Land Agent, a small civil *posse*, armed or unarmed, to protect the timber recently cut, and to prevent future depredations.

Reciprocal assurances of the foregoing friendly character having been, through the undersigned, interchanged, all danger of collision between the immediate parties to the controversy will be at once removed, and time allowed the United States and Great Britain to settle amicably the great question of limits.

The undersigned has much pleasure in renewing to His Excellency, Major General Sir John Harvey the assurances of his ancient high consideration and respect. WINFIELD SCOTT.

To a copy of the foregoing, Sir John Harvey annexed the following:—

The undersigned Major General Sir John Harvey, Lieut. Governor of her Britannic Majesty's Province of New Brunswick, having received a proposition from Major General Winfield Scott of the United States Army, of which the foregoing is a copy, hereby, on his part, signifies his concurrence and acquiescence therein.

Sir John Harvey renews with great pleasure to Major General Scott, the assurances of his warmest personal consideration, regard and respect.

J. HARVEY.

Government House, Fredericton, New Brunswick, March, 23, 1839.

To a paper containing the note of Gen. Scott and the acceptance of Sir John Harvey, Gov. Fairfield annexed his acceptance in these words:—

EXECUTIVE DEPATMENT, Augusta, March 25, 1839.

The undersigned, Governor of Maine, in consideration of the foregoing, the exigency for calling out the troops of Maine having ceased, has no hesitation in signifying his entire acquiescence in the proposition of Major General Scott.

The undersigned has the honor to tender to Major General Scott, the assurance of his high respect and esteem. JOHN FAIRFIELD.

We learn that Gen. Scott has interchanged the acceptance of the Governor and Lieutenant Governor, and also that Governor Fairfield immediately issued orders recalling the troops of Maine and for organizing the civil *posse* that is to be continued, for the time, in the *disputed territory*. The troops in this town will also be immediately discharged.

Embarkation of Missionaries.—The Rev. Ozro French and lady, Rev. David W. Hume and lady, Rev. Ebenezer Burgess and lady, and Miss Cynthia Farrar, embarked from this port yesterday, in the brig Waverley, Capt Ward, for Bombay.—They go out under the direction of the American Board, as a reinforcement to the Bombay Mission.

The embarkation took place at Phillips's wharf, where a great concourse of people was assembled to witness the farewell exercises, which commenced at a quarter before 12 o'clock.—Rev. Mr. Burgess, one of the missionaries, made a short, manly and highly appropriate address to the spectators. The Waverley left the wharf at half past 12 o'clock, with every prospect of a happy voyage.—*Salem Gazette.*

Burnings on the Northern Frontier.—Gov. Seward of New York, has issued a proclamation, offering a reward of one hundred dollars for the detection of any person concerned in setting fire to dwelling houses, barns and other buildings, in Clinton county, on the frontier of the State. Accounts from the frontier state, that twenty buildings have been burnt, chiefly in Champlain and Odeltown.

The New York Canal Commissioners have fixed the 10th inst, for the opening of the navigation on the canals of that State.

The English Steamers.—We learn from good authority, that the Liverpool and Great Western are the only steamers which are expected to ply between Great Britain and the United States.—The British Queen, heretofore expected to leave in April, would not be ready until autumn. The Royal William has been withdrawn from the route, and now plies between Dublin and Bordeaux.

The Canals and Rail Roads are in full operation between this place and Philadelphia, and Pittsburg. The different lines of freight and packet boats are in complete trim, after a thorough overhauling during the winter, and are all ready and anxious to accommodate customers. We hear the 'merry boatman's horn,' at all hours of the day and night, giving a sure presage of a large amount of toils for the ensuing business season.

The TRAVEL upon the Rail Roads and Canals has commenced in great earnest. The different lines of stages, cars, and packet boats, leaving Harrisburg since the opening of the navigation, have not carried less than 200 passengers per day.—*Harrisburg Reporter.*

Mexico.—The New Orleans Louisianian of March 18th gives the following news.

By the arrival of the brig Atar Gull (formerly the Iturbide) we have received news from Vera Cruz some days later than that brought by the Walter. The Atar Gull formerly belonged to the Mexican Navy, was captured by the French at San Juan de Ulloa, and was given up by Admiral Baudin.

The most important portion of her news is the arrival at Vera Cruz of two diplomatic agents, General Guadaloupe Victoria and Manuel Gorostisa, charged by the Mexican Government to treat with Admiral Baudin on the cessation of hostilities. As soon as the latter heard of their arrival at Vera Cruz, he left Anton Lizardo for that place in the frigate Nereide: he was received at Vera Cruz with a salute from the cannon on the forts. The Mexican envoys, Admiral Baudin, and the English Ambassador, Mr Packenham repaired on board the English frigate La Pique to discuss the basis of the proposed treaty.

We have good reason to infer, from the tenor of semi-offical letters brought by the Atar Gull, that there was no obstacle to the smoothing all difficulties, and that Vera Cruz would be re-opened to trade.

By later arrivals the following additional particulars in relation to the negotiation between Admiral Baudin and the Mexican Plenipotentiaries have been received. The right of trading by retail, formerly refused with so much obstinancy by the Mexicans, is granted to French subjects by the treaty. The sum of $600,000 is to be paid to the French Government as compensation of old injuries, besides the indemnity to French subjects who have been driven from the country. These payments are guaranteed by the English Minister.

Mr. Saltonstall's Speech.—We are much gratified to find [says the Salem Gazette,] that the spirit and sentiment of Mr. Saltonstall's speech on the question of the Maine Boundary, are attracting an unusual degree of attention in the community, and of respectful notice in the newspapers. Four of the papers received from the east and south by the mails of *one day* (Monday last), referred to it in terms of high eulogium. We should be glad to quote the expressions of the Portland Courier and the Boston Journal, but we have not room. The 'Madisonian,' printed at Washington, in the course of a highly favorable editorial notice of the speech says:

'In a moment of inconsiderate cries of 'havoc! and let slip the dogs of war,' it is refreshing to repose upon the reflections of a statesman, 'whose mind is turned on peace'—who looks upon war as the *dernier* resort of nations, after all efforts to preserve peace by manly negotiations, shall have proved vain.

'We respect—nay, we venerate the statesman who, in a period of excitement, has the firmness to deliberate upon the invincible basis of *facts*, and to spread before the country in a spirit of candor, the sober suggestions of reason and truth.'

From Canton.—By the barque Mary Chilton, at New York, advices are received to Nov 17. Steam navigation was talked of from Canton to India. The next link will be from Canton to the N. W. coast of America, and that would make the circle complete when our railroads over the Rocky Mountains are finished to Oregon, or our ship canal cut through the isthmus of Darien.

The French Exploring frigate Artemise, La Place, which was at New York, has arrived at Canton, and the officers were treated with more than usual distinction, being suffered to go up to the city in inside chop boats.

During the Eclipse of the moon, Oct 3d, which lasted over two hours, the Chinese, with innumerable gongs and other instruments, attempted to prevent the celestial dog from swallowing the moon, and succeeded in driving him off his prey sometime after midnight.—*Transcript.*

England.—By late arrivals, English accounts to March 19th have been received.

Lord Glenelg, Colonial Secretary has resigned his office. His resignation appears to have been received in silence, and to have excited no particular notice from his brother Peers.

Lord Durham's report on Upper Canada, is published in the London Morning Chronicle, of the 9th ult, and occupies nearly half a double sheet.

The Wesleyan Centenary subscription exceeded £135,000, or $599,400, at the close of January.

The Roman Catholics are about to build a magnificent church at Manchester, at the cost of $30,000.

By late arrivals it appears that Lord Normanby had been appointed Secretary of the British Colonial department, in place of Lord Glenelg, resigned.

The question on Corn laws was the great subject which chiefly agitated the public in England, and it was discussed with great warmth and zeal in the papers on both sides. The discussion of the subject was to open in the House of Lords, on the 12th, on a motion by Lord Brougham, for witnesses to be examined at the bar on the subject. The London Morning Herald of the 18th, says, in reference to the subject:

'The present week may, hereafter be deemed memorable in the social history of England. In the House of Lords, tonight, will be witnessed the partial developement of the most formidable conspiracy that has ever been organized for the purpose of subverting at one blow, the whole industrial arrangements of a mighty country—as well as for the purpose of confiscating the largest mass of wealth that ever perhaps, was accumulated by subjects of one government.'

The London correspondent of the Edinburgh Observer gives the following as the outline of the plan which the government—indirectly, through a confidential supporter in the House of Commons—intends to bring forward on the subject of the corn law.

That wheat shall be imported at a fixed duty of 10s per quarter for the first year; 9s for the second; 8s for the third; 7s for the fourth; 6s for the fifth; and 5s for the sixth year, after the law has passed; and then having a permanent fixed duty of 5s per quarter.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY BIBLE SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this Society will be held by permission of Providence, the present year, in Charlestown on the last Wednesday in April, the 24th proximo. The Society will meet for business at the *Boylston chapel* near Rev. Dr. Walker's church, at 10 A. M.; and public religious services will be attended in Dr. Walker's church at half past 2. P. M. Attendance of all the members is particularly desired.

I. WILDER, *Recording Secretary*.
Concord, March 29, 1839. 3t

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Wednesday evening, by Rev. R A Johnson, Mr Aaron W. Wight Jr., of the firm of Denton and Wight, to Miss Louisa A. Bonney, daughter of Mr Lebbeus Bonney.

In this city, on Sunday, morning, by Rev. Mr Young, Mr Charles B. Kingman to Miss Sarah E. Whitmarsh; Mr Thomas Orrall to Miss Susan Wilcutt.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Lothrop, Mr Richard N. Berry to Miss Margaret A. Heussler: Mr Euclid B. Houghton to Miss Catharine B. Blaney.

In Charlestown, Mr Jotham Johnson, jr. to Miss Elizabeth R. Stowell.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Friday 30th ult., Mr Stilman Worcester, 35; Miss Augusta Fo le, 23; Mrs Sarah Pease, 83; Mrs Phebe, relict of Mr Adam Smith, 72; Mrs Mary E. Keating, 47; Mrs Amanda J., wife of Thomas H. Danforth, 28; Mr William Callender, 83, a soldier of the revolution; Mr Henry Phillips, son of Mr John L. Phillips, 24.

In Cambridgeport, Miss Mary E Dodge 23.

LARGE STOCK OF NEW SHAWLS, SILK GOODS, MOUSELAINE DE LAINES, &c.

E. F. NEWHALL,

179 *Washington street,.....Boston,*

Has received an elegant assortment of *SPRING GOODS*, among which are

Rich French Cashmere SHAWLS, with new medallion, harlequin, rose and wreath patterns; on fawn, drab, green, blue, salmon, brown, scarlet, bird of paradise, jet, blue-black, and white grounds.—Prices from 12 to 50 dollars each.

Extra French Thibet Long Shawls, very rich and heavy borders, with black, green, red and white centres.—From 30 to 50 dollars each.

India Camel's hair Shawls and Scarfs—various prices.

Merino long and square Shawls, of best quality—red, black and white.

English Cashmere and Victoria Shawls, rich and beautiful colors; on scarlet, fawn, drab, white and black.—Prices from 12 to 25 dollars, each.

French Woollen Travelling Shawls, large size and new styles.

Edinboro' Shawls, in great variety; on black, white, green, drab, fawn, slate, red, ash, bird of paradise, and blue-black grounds; styles similar to the French Cashmeres—Prices from 4 dollars to 16 dollars each.

The above make altogether a better assortment of *HANDSOME SHAWLS* than has been offered at any previous season.

☞ Purchasers desirous of obtaining the most Fashionable Styles at the very lowest prices, are invited to examine this assortment.

French Embroidered Capes and Collars, best work.

Alepines, Thibet and Cashmere Cloths, Neapolitans, Cambleteens, Irish Poplins, and other articles suitable for Travelling Habits.

Elegant new Mouselaine de Laines and Chalies--white and colored grounds.

Plain Chalies and Mouselaines; French Calicoes and Lawns; Chantilla Lace Veils, some extra large and rich; Irish Linens; Linen Sheetings; Damask Table Cloths and Napkins; Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs; figured and plaided white Cambrics, and Marseilles Quilts.

SILK GOODS.

Rich figured Reps and Pou de Sois, a beautiful assortment of colors and choice styles, some entirely new, with two colors; plain Rep and corded Silks—colors blue-black, jet, olive, brown, fawn, ashes of roses, and delicate light shades; plain Pou de Sois and Gro de Naples, a similar assortment of colors, various prices; plain English Lustrings, all choice colors, a very desirable article, of fine lustre; double-faced Silks, blue-black and colored, large and small figures; extra super and common jet and blue-black Silks, plain and figured.

Velvets—Rich French Pelisse Satins, fashionable colors; black India Satins, Levantines, Sinchaws, and various other descriptions of Silk Goods, making an extensive assortment well worthy the attention of purchasers who want desirable articles at less than the usual prices. 1y mh23

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.—The Gentleman's Magazine and American Monthly Review has attained a standing that ensures its continuance; and the commendatory notices of the most respectable portion of the press, attest its merits and popularity. Each monthly number contains seventy-two extra-sized octavo pages, and presents more reading matter than a volume of a novel. It is published at little more than half the price of any other Magazine in the United States, yet contains as many Original Papers as any other monthly publication. Wm. E. Burton, editor.

The following distinguished writers fill the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine with original contributions:

Prof. Ingraham, Capt. Marryatt, Miss Catherine H. Waterman, Hon. R. T. Conrad, David Hoffman, James F. Otis, Mrs Fanny Kemble Butler, Leigh Hunt, Morton M'Michael, C. F. Wines, James Montgomery, Joseph C. Neal, N. C. Brooks, Joseph Price, Richard Penn Smith, J. Ashbel Green, Charles P. Illsley, &c. &c. With Engravings, Music, &c.

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This day received and for sale by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN 112 Washington st.
april 6

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION AND LETTERS. *Edited by Rev. C. Palfrey.*

CONTENTS OF NO. I.

Preface
Jesus a Manifestation of The Father
A Sacramental Thought
Occupations of the Future Life
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The Wave. From the German of Tiedge
Selection
Notices of Books.
Devotions of the Deaf and Dumb
Mr Dewey's Discourses on Commerce, Society and Politics
The Authenticity of the New Testament
Intelligence.
Aggregate meeting of Unitarians in London.
British and Foreign Unitarian Association.
London Domestic Missionary Society.
Death of William Roberts
A departed Minister
Rev. William Adams
Ordinations, &c. &c. &c.

The subscribers take pleasure in presenting the public with this new Periodical, which they believe is well calculated to fill a place not before occupied by any of our periodicals; and would respectfully solicit the patronage of all friendly to the work.

The Miscellany is published monthly, in numbers of 48 pages beautifully printed on new type, at *three dollars* per annum.

WILLIAM CROSBY & CO. Publishers
april 6 118 Washington street.

NEW BOOKS:—Malcom's Travels in South Eastern Asia, &c. &c.

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American in Paris, by Sanderson.

Romance of the Harem, by Miss Pardoe.

For sale by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court street.
april 6

CHANNING'S REMARKS. Remarks on the Slavery Question, in a Letter to Jonathan Phillips, Esq. By William E. Channing, 12mo, 91 pages. This day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington Street. April 6.

WINTER STUDIES. A fresh supply of Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada, by Mr. Jameson, author of Characteristics of Women, &c. Just received and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. apr 6

ROCKINGHAM ACADEMY.

Kept by Mr. T. P. Ropes, (formerly of Lexington) delightfully and healthfully located in Hampton Falls, N. H. 40 miles from Boston. Communication direct and cheap by eastern railroad. Board $1.50 per week; tuition $3,50 to $4,50 per quarter. Summer term begins April 17th.

Hampton Falls, April 2d, 1839.

TO THE LADIES.

THE MISSES HUNT, FEMALE PHYSICIANS, would respectfully give notice to the Ladies of Boston and vicinity, that they still continue to attend to all diseases, incident to the Female frame, at their residence, No. 1 Spring Street, corner of Leverett Street, Boston, (Mass.) Diseases of children particularly attended to. The Patent Medicated Chainpoo Baths will be administered to Ladies. These baths are not only a luxury to persons in health, but a cure for many diseases.

The great success which has attended their treatment of Diseases, and the propriety of Ladies consulting one of their own sex, render any argument in favor of their practice unnecessary.

Hours for seeing patients from 9 in the morning until 6 in the evening. Advice GRATIS. jan 19

PRIVATE SCHOOL IN CHELSEA.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he proposes to open a private school in Chelsea, in which he will be ready to instruct pupils of both sexes, in the Ancient and Modern languages as well as the various branches of an English Education.

A few lads can be accommodated with board in his own family. The first quarter will commence on Monday, April 8th.

He is permitted to refer to Rev. Dr Tuckerman, Rev. Dr Parkman, and Benjamin Shurtleff, M. D.

HORATIO ALGER.
march 16

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES IN CAMBRIDGE.

Refer to Sidney Willard, A. B. Mussey, J. T. Buckingham, J. Livermore, R. M. Hodges, Charles Everett, A. Rice, Trustees of the School.

The Academical Year commences the second Monday of September, and consists of four quarters, of eleven weeks each, unless the annual Thanksgiving divide the first and second quarters unequally.

The first three Vacations are one week each; the fourth, five weeks.

Board &c. for a year, $150 } Always
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{ Summer or Fall, 45 } advance.

Tuition in the Primary, Middle and Classical department, $6, $12, and $15 a quarter; or $20, $45 and $55 a year, in advance.

Music, with use of Piano, $20 a quarter.

Painting in Water Colors, $6 a quarter.

Drawing taught to all the School without additional charge.

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Expense of Fuel arranged amongst the pupils.

Teacher of Music, Charles Zeuner, President of the Handel Haydn Society, Boston.

Teacher of Modern Languages, L. de Mariotti, University, Parma.

Teacher of Drawing, Painting, and Assistant Principal, Mrs. Mack.

Competent Young Ladies assist in various branches, one of whom, at least resides in the family of the Principal.

D. MACK, *Principal.*
Cambridge, Nov. 10th, 1838. nov 24

PURE SPERM OIL.

E. T. HASTINGS, 101 State street, has constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.

Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 13 1stf

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

POWER OF RELIGION.

When life's tempestuous surges roar,
And ills on ills combined,
Aim to engulf our dearest hopes,
Religion calms the mind.

When fortune's adverse current rolls,
And no retreat we find,
Even then, amidst its lashing waves,
Religion calms the mind.

When ruthless death's relentless grasp
Has to the tomb consigned
Our nearest, dearest, firmest friends,
Religion calms the mind.

And when in contemplation's hour,
We lay the world behind,
And eye, remote, the monster's form,
Religion calms the mind.

When fell disease invades, and mocks
Nature and skill combined,
While dread eternity 's in view,
Religion calms the mind.

Hail! Heaven-descended, peaceful guest,
To no one clime confined,
Most distant tribes soon will exclaim,
Religion calms the mind.

A CHRISTIAN.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

Where is thy home, immortal soul?
Is it where life's morning broke?
Dost thou return to the body's home
When that falls before Death's stroke?

Is it where the growing mind was formed
In knowledge and in truth?
Is it with a kindred soul, to whom
Was pledged our love in youth?

Oh is it in our native land,
'Neath childhood's joyous skies,
Or is it in the busy throng
Where manhood's treasure lies.

Oh is in the forest's glory?
Or in the desert's gloom?
Is it 'neath the ocean's billow?
Or in the silent tomb?

Hast thou in this wide world a home
Where thou canst rest in joy—
A dwelling for thy viewless form,
Where grief cannot annoy?

Or dost thou dwell in either skies,
Or float unseen in air?
Or is thy home in other worlds
Than this more bright and fair?

Oh no! Thy home is no loved spot,
Endeared by fondest ties:
Thou hast no local 'biding place
On earth or in the skies.

Thy home is in a quiet mind,
[illegible]
Thy home is in eternal peace,
For peace alone is heaven. G. H. I.

(From the Southern Rose.)

THE SKIES

The skies! the festal skies
Of a laughing summer's morn!
Some love the dazzling glory
That with their light is born,
And gaze, with ravish'd sense, upon
The shadowless expanse,
Where not one tissue cloud is seen
To dim its radiance.

While others joy to catch
The fulness of its smile,
When at his evening portal,
The Day God rests awhile,
To tint with matchless coloring
The ether's fluid tide,
That round this prison sphere of ours
Floods out on either side.

And midnight's solemn sky,
Like a blue curtain hung,
And studded with its bright star-gems,
As diamonds yet unstrung,
Is filled through its wide concave
With echoes of the strain,
Breath'd out by hosts of worshippers
From earth's extended fane.

Each has its charm, but oh!
Not such, not such for me;
Morn's skies reveal a brightness
That wakes too much of glee;
Eve's firmament too holy seems
For unison with earth,
And oft beneath still midnight's vault,
Wild, startling thoughts have birth.

Oh! rather would I choose,
If but the choice were mine,
Those skies, where cloud and sunshine
In fitfulness combine,
Where mid-day's glare is soften'd, as
By sudden phantom-wings,
And through night's net work veil, the stars
Look down, like loving things.

The heart! the human heart!
How, every where, it turns
To drink in blessed sympathy
From nature's mystic urns;
And ah! methinks no emblem
Is fitter found for life,
With all its changes, than a sky
Where light and shade hold strife.

M. E. L.

'THERE IS ONE GOD.'

What speaks the thunder, when its midnight cry
Rolls through Heaven's vast and cloudy palaces!
What writes the lightning on the ebon sky,
When the fierce tempests, wrapt in sackcloth, rise
From their huge cradles on the roaring seas!
What shout the gaunt and time-defying trees,
That toss right royally their arms on high,
When from the hills the cold north-westean gale
Calls to the torrent in the misty vale,
And the air rings with heaven's artillery!
'THERE IS ONE GOD!'—to HIM they lift their prayer,
He framed them temples, and they worship there—
Storm, wind, and howling thunder! Go, vain man,
And think their mighty creed a false one if you can!

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Southern Rose.]

A DAY OF DISAPPOINTMENT IN SALEM.

BY AN 'ADMIRER OF 'TWICE-TOLD TALES.'

I had completed my Northern summer tour, and was lingering through a few days at the Tremont House, in Boston, for the arrival of a party of friends from Canada, in order that we might all start together on the journey to our southern homes. To beguile the tedious and vacant hours of my delay, I had resorted to the various expedients which suggest themselves to a solitary stranger. I had made numerous excursions on foot to the enchanting environs of the American Athens. I had paid a sweet and solemn pilgrimage of several hours to Mount Auburn. I had gone up to the dome of the State House, on two different sun-shiny afternoons, and drank a full flow of delight (no less intense for arising from a twice-told tale) from the wonderful landscape around,—more gorgeous and varied than an Achilles' shield,—those distant, slumbering, yet shining towns—those hundred steeples scattered, like the religion they represent, in all quarters of the horizon—those graduated hills far off at the south, along which I could not help fancying that Neptune sometimes ascended, as up a flight of stairs, when, tired of the storms and calms of his own ocean, he was desirous of refreshing himself with a glimpse of the works of the demigod man—that beautiful harbor with its small green islands—the winding, glistening Charles, with its bridges and bays, and causeways—the venerable group of edifices at Cambridge, glowing amidst the picture, as if Learning and Religion had said to each other, sit we down here together and form a part of the bright glories of this mysterious emblem world,—that vast city at my feet, with its palaces, halls, camera-obscura squares, winding streets, autumn-brown gardens, mirrored roofs and towers, leafless forests of dim-receding masts, and hazy-blue atmosphere, penetrating, overspreading, and harmonizing all; itself also harmonizing exquisitely with the gently lessening sounds of a busy population as the shades of twilight deepened—and last, in still nearer perspective beneath my downcast eye, that extensive common, crossed by numerous footpaths, in which I could discern now and then a couple of saunterers of different sexes, but too minute by reason of distance for me to distinguish whether they were lovers mutually dreaming away a too short happy hour, or a little brother and sister returning leisurely home from their contented school. I had several times strayed to the Atheneum (impressive exponent of united intellect, refinement, and munificence!)—had wandered and paused through its encyclopædic range of apartments—had skimmed the world's periodical literature on the tables of its reading-room, and amidst the favoring silence of the visitors had beheld, with a feeling of almost terrific enchantment, the cast of

'Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending; vain
The struggle; vain against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench: the long envenom'd chain
Rivets the living links; the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.'

The shops of the booksellers, also presented their resistless attractions in my daily walks. What delicious lounges! How invariably polite and kind, both masters and clerks! How willing that I should gratuitously entertain myself for hours amidst their 'treasures new and old!' and how especially welcome was I made to the full enjoyment of their luxuries, when it was percieved that I was rather a liberal purchaser of their choicest publications! A chair in the quietest corner of the shop, yet not too remote for a gentle and unoffending glance at the fair customers who applied almost every moment in the day for pocket-books, gold pencils, annuals, tablets, and the last new novel, was always secured for the gentleman who, on a single day, could select and order to his lodgings a parcel containing Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, Bancroft's United States, Sparks' Franklin and Morris, Everett's and Story's Miscellaneous Writings, Miriam, the Works of Thomas Carlyle, Furness on the Gospels and other novelties of like commanding interest.

One morning, while ruminating somewhat vacantly in my privileged nook in one of these favorite haunts, the graceful and obliging shop-boy brought me a volume, which he said he should have certainly offered me before, had he not believed that every copy had long since been disposed of. This, however, had by some accident been concealed beneath a large pile of the Retrospect of Western Travel. He was sure I should be pleased with it, and begged me to give it a cursory inspection. The title of the book, 'Twice-Told Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne,' put me at once upon a train of musing speculation. I knew not whether to consider it attractive or repulsive. Generally speaking, a twice-told tale is a tedious affair. Some tales, however, will very well bear repetition, and who knows, thought I, but such may be the case with those before me? Twice-told tales, moreover, are often fresh and new to some portion of the audience; and as I learned from my active little Mercury that this compilation of narratives and fancies acquired their existing title from having nearly all appeared previously in variously periodicals, I acknowledged that they at least must possess the charm of novelty for those who, like me, could indulge but sparingly in that sort of reading. Thus, the reasoning of a moment or two (would that all prejudices might be as easily surmounted!) dispelled the unworthy prepossessions I had been induced to entertain. On the other hand, a little further reflection awakened me to a sense of the peculiar beauties and merits of this singular title. Like all new converts, I was now inspired with an inborn zeal for what I had just before repudiated. *Twice-Told Tales!* How simple, how antique, how purely Saxon these three little alliterative words! How they transport us at once to the enchantments of the middle ages and of minstrel utterances. Then again, what a frank and sturdy honesty there is about them! The author of the book seems to say, 'I give the world fair warning that these tales have been published before. It is possible you may have dined on the same fare yesterday. If, gentlemen, you can tolerate a picked-up dinner, here are the fragments of former entertainments, collected and served to the best of my ability. So, walk in! But if you can put up with nothing short of a fresh-killed and entire turkey, and a new batch of pies and puddings directly from the oven, you must go your ways and be entertained elsewhere.' I perceived also in the same circumstance a noble self-reliance—a modest confidence that the book had merits and would win its way, notwithstanding the unpretending and even self-disparaging character of the title.

Thus inspired with favorable inclinations, I opened the volume, and glanced rapidly over the two first articles. The result of this hasty inspection was, that I threw a half eagle on the counter, waited impatiently for the change, and hurried home to my lodgings with the book, which, before I slept on my pillow that night, deserved, at least from *my* experience, the title of '*Thrice read Tales.*'

On the next day, my mind was full of Nathaniel Hawthorne. I felt rejoiced that a first-rate book was added to our scanty American library—a first-rate classic to our incipient literary galaxy. I hailed the appearance of another genuine *original* on this threadbare earth: and better still, I hailed the appearance of one of the rarest productions of human nature—an original, devoid of almost every exceptionable or offensive quality. For alas, thought I, originality is too often attended with some enormous evil genius— some outrageous affectation—some perilous error—some frightful absurdity in taste, opinion, or morals. Not so with Nathaniel Hawthorne. He is as good, as delicate, as pure, as old-fashioned, as sensible, and as safe, in all his sentiments and conceptions, as the most timid worshipper of established proprieties could desire. One of the greatest triumphs, indeed, of his genius, is to have mingled so much bold, broad humor, so much keen, flashing wit, with a taste so exquisitely fastidious and refined. Nor does it detract from his originality, that he occasionally reminds us of the quaintness of Lamb, or of the almost feminine lusciousness of Washington Irving's picked and perfect English. These things are merely extraneous and accidental—just as if Shakspeare should have made a bow like Sir Philip Sidney, or Lord Byron unconsciously imitated the tone of his friend Rogers. Enough is left behind to constitute him one of the most original of American writers. A single paper of his, 'Rills from the Town Pump,' for instance, is enough to give any man a lasting reputation. It is one of those unique and fortunate productions that genius sometimes throws off to excite wonder and delight, and to defy imitation,—such as Horace's Visit to Brundusium, Boileau's Third Satire, Pope's Rape of the Lock, and Irving's Rip Van Winkle. Oh that respectable, sensible, humorous town-pump! Who would have supposed it possible to elevate a pump to all the dignity and interest of a living personage? Who can read the paper, without feeling a loving sympathy for that worthy, eloquent, and slily satirical piece of wrought timber, shall I say? or may I rather call it that fragment of oaken humanity? Surely the inhabitants of Salem, where Hawthorne resides, if they rightly appreciate such an author, would be willing to appoint him their essayist-laureate, with a handsome salary. They would *settle* him, as a parish settles a minister, with the understanding that he should furnish something periodically for the gratification and instruction of the town. I should like, some time or other, as a mere *jeu d'esprit*, to try my hand at imitating him. Yet how impossible to catch his felicities! How difficult to strike like him first into an unbeaten track of imagination, and then to strew it with characteristic flowers of wit, fancy, fact, humor, eloquence, and wisdom, as I went along!

Thus I ran on in my reflections at different times and places through the day, admiring the depth and happiness of my own criticisms almost equally with the qualities of my new favorite,—till at length, I wrought myself up to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that I resolved on the morrow to visit Salem, and obtain, if possible, before I left New England, a sight of the author of Twice-Told Tales.

(From the Newark Daily Advertiser.)

LIFE IN THE PRAIRIES.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.—We have been politely furnished with the following letter from Mr C. C. Smith of Smithtown, (Illinois,) to a friend in Philadelphia, and we trust it will prove the forerunner of many more from the same distinguished observer of men and things in the West. Mr S. is a brother of the honorable John Smith, of Jacksonville:

From Mr Smith of Smithsburg, Smith country, Illinois, to John Thomson, Esq. of Philadelphia.

DEAR THOMSON,—As you cannot by possibility have an idea of what prairie mud is, you must be answerably ignorant of what I have suffered in toiling from Polegrove, our county seat, to this home of mine. It was knee deep every step, and, then, so tenacious—so viscous—not even the chemical terminology would express the treacle and tarmixture through which I have passed. But home is home; and though I have a stump ni my parlor, and see daylight through the windward side of my log-house, yet I assure you there is a comfort even in this. It is something to be monarch of all he surveys; it is something to have overcome difficulties. Every man respects himself the more for having lived through a real scuffle; and, then, one's wife and children, when healthy and happy, are as delectable in a wilderness as any where else. There! just as I write, I hear the sharp percussion of two rifles. It is Charles and Tom returning, no doubt, with wild meat enough to serve one of your Arch street dinner-parties for ten times. There is something in that. A bear and a wild turkey give us a painful pleasure in the chase, and then are sustenance to us, and afford talk to the children for day after day. I wish Tripes and his sister, in Spruce street, who have got to be vegetable mongers, and think all meat poison, would try their luck for a month or so on this side of the Wabash; they would surely die of chagrin at the explosion of their theory. For, when they should be presented to a famile of wild frontier rangers, fellows, who have well-nigh forgotten the taste of wheat, whose richest loaf is corn ash-cake, and who use jerked beef or venison with their tea, and have flesh, flesh, flesh, from Christmas till Christmas, they would see as stout, noble, tight-nerved, broad-backed, six foot backwoodsmen as ever turned out of the forests of Pannonia; men that never saw a doctor, unless some wandering missionary happened to be a 'Thomsonian,' and who are as likely to live to eighty years as the no-meat and no-drink folks are to survive this winter.

Jones has gone. He made no impression on our sort of people. Rely upon it, these Western lads, to use their own slang, have cut their eye-teeth; and it is a poor speculation to send us your refuse wares. I told Jones, long ago, that if he would contentedly jog on as book-keeper, he would soon be able to get into a better berth. But what ruined him with Filter & Firth was, his indolence, his want of interest in what he was doing. You say he was honest and punctual—so he was; but then he was *dead* I have known him to sit like a waxwork for two hours over the same page of his ledger. Such a man can't possibly live here. Every one is on the alert. It is this that characterizes the new States. You see it in the air of the people; you hear it in their outre phraseology. They are courageous, independent, and full of resources, from the very necessity of the case. I am convinced that strong points of human nature, good and bad, were never brought out more decidedly than in these States. Plenty of strong food, plenty of hard work, high hope, perpetual novelty, ample room for every kind of expansion, carelessness of the opinions of others, conflict with real dangers, and the hardness produced by outdoor athletic performances—these are what make the men of Tennessee and Kentucky the most energetic as they are the largest specimens of the *homo sapiens*. The same occurs in Maine, Vermont, and Michigan. It is the exact antipodes of Chestnut street in every particular. Take a city chit, who wears a ring, and whisker enough for a bear, and a flash coat worth fifty dollars, and exhibit him to a genuine boy of the woods, and the latter would deal as gentle with him as a young opposum, and as much wonder at his prettiness. Now the whiskered and the scented one has his uses; you would not readily put him on a forlorn hope, or ask his aid if you were drowning; but he plays a good part at a *soiree*, and stands gracefully behind a counter, and forks his chopped meat with exemplary precision; yet I should not wish to see him here; he would think our ways rough and our clothes intolerable. Jones, without being effeminate, was what we call helpless, and he has gone home. O, for a keg of pickled oysters! Before the winter has locked every thing up, try to contrive a way for the two or three books which Grigg promised to box. The lame boy does very well in the woodyard, but we need one or two lads of all work. The mail-boy comes within three miles once a week.

Adieu. You true friend,
C. C. SMITH.

THE RUINS OF BALBEC.

On a very elevated platform, and visible at a distance of eighteen miles, stand six gigantic and highly polished pillars, supporting an architrave: they are nearly seventy feet in height, and twenty-three in circumference; and the structure of which they formed a part must have been stupendous. Not far thence is the temple of the Sun. The pillars, cornice, and architecture of the colonnade surrounding it, as well as the whole of its interior, are so exquisitely sculptured, and exhibit such taste, execution and prodigality of labor, that no description can do justice to them; nor can any relic of antiquity that I have seen or read of be placed in competition with this. It is a parellelogram measuring externally near two hundred by one hundred feet, including the colonnades and the ante-temple now no more; and internally, a hundred and twenty by sixtry three feet. Each side is adorned with eight magnificent columns, fluted and beautifully carved, the recesses between which might once have been occupied by statues. * * The outer colonnade originally consisted of forty pillars; of these only eighteen are now standing; nine on the north, four on the south, two on the east, and three, with four halves, on the west. Each consists of three pieces, and measures forty-nine feet in height, and nineteen in circumference. The capitals are five feet ten inches high, and the architrave, which we had no means of reaching, may be estimated at ten feet. The sculpture of the cornice and architrave, as well as that of the large arched stones which extend from the pillars to the wall of the temple, and form the top of the colonnade, is of the highest order: nor is it easy to imagine a specimen of architecture more perfect in every respect than this ancient temple of the Sun.—*Elliott's Travels.*

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